

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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GIUSEPPE MAZZINI.

BORN AT GENOA, 1806: DIED AT PISA, MARCH
10, 1872.

"Let no man be called happy ere his death."
So ran the wisdom of the antique world.
How shall we rate him who draws dying breath
On work unfinished, high hopes backward
hurled?

Such the first thought of most a thought that
give

To one whose course has closed on weary days,
Where Pisa scarcely can be said to live,
And sleepy-seeming Arno seaward strays.

But not more shallow they that laugh to scorn
The thought that this slow stream to flood
could leap,

That they that wasted deem this life outworn —
Not reckoning what men sow but what they
reap.

Enough, that no Italian can doom
A life as poorly lived, or lived in vain,
Than which none ever better earned a tomb
Within the Holy Field* by Pisa's fane.

The greater still *his* right to such a grave,
That Death of honour owes him large arrears,
To whom Life, taking much, so little gave
In payment from the land he held most dear,

But exile, poverty, and long farewell
To Genoa's blue sky and sunny sea
And sunny hearts, in northern cold to dwell,
Hated and hunted by the powers that be.

Slowly to gather strength but to be foiled;
To hurl young lives on desperate emprise,
Only to fail in fight, or, treason-coiled,
To waste in ling'ring count of prison sighs;

To keep the sparks of hope and faith alight
In failing hearts, and not let fail his own:
To read "ITALIA UNA" still writ bright,
Through mists of blood, and clouds of tem-
pest blown;

To learn faith can turn false, and friendship
cold;

To be called dreamer, Quixote, coward, fool:
Nay, lest such pillory-pelt friends' trust out-
hold,

Branded as tyranny's decoy and tool:

And — bitterer than the bitterest of these
griefs —

At length to see hope to fruition grown,
And echo, chief among the nation's chiefs,
Italy's shout o'er Austria overthrown;

And standing high-crown'd in the Capitol,
Chief triumvir of a regenerate Rome,
To mark the glow of the old conquering soul
Come back from long trance 'neath St. Peter's
dome;

* Campo Santo, the ancient and famous burial-
place of Pisa, filled with earth from Jerusalem, and
decorated by the greatest painters and sculptors of
the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

And having thus topp'd highest reach of hope,
Suddenly to be hurled down to despair;
To feel young right weak with old wrong to
cope,
See alien arms Italian overbear;

Worse still — the bearer of those arms to see —
Still red with blood of Rome's Republic slain
Hailed as the Saviours of Italy,
And crowned with honours Saviours scarce
attain.

To see the Austrian yield each guarded hold,
And sadly, from across the salt sea-stream,
Watch Italy's rent robe, fold after fold,
Grow strangely to a garment without seam,

Yet raise no voice to bid the foe depart:
Yet lift no hand for the rent robe's repair;
With strangers' bitter bread to stay his heart;
Watch the work doing, nor be called to share;

Though feeling faith, soul, spirit still the same
As screened from quenching gust and choking
air

The spark that now, grown to a lusty flame,
From Northern Alp to Southern Isle burns
fair.

And when Italian ground once more he prest
With feet urged by home-sickness o'er the
foam,

Italy had a gaoler for her guest,
Could find a prison for him — not a home!

Open at length his prison doors he found:
"Go forth; the score is cleared, even for *thee*."
VICTOR EMANUEL in Rome sits crowned,
And so MAZZINI is forgiven — is free.

O mockery of human lots and lives!
Was this the stroke that stabbed him to the
heart?

Nay, who can say what shocks such faith sur-
vives,
What strength such bitter tonics can impart?

None, e'en for this, saw wavering of his trust,
None, e'en for this, saw doubting of his way:
Stern only to himself, true, noble, just,
"God and the People!" still he made his
stay.

To seal that pact, glorious, if less fulfilled
In their lives whom he trusted than his own.
His seed of faith, by fact's worst frost un-killed,
Though for no visible harvest, still was sown.

Was sown, and seeming, though but seeming,
dead
Has quickened, and will quicken still, and
swell,

Till, haply, when the fields laugh, harvest-red,
Men shall own *his* the seed that yields so well!
Funch.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
VOLTAIRE.

MR. MORLEY'S book * upon the great French philosopher, just published, will no doubt bring the name and character of Voltaire freshly before many readers, who have only the vague general knowledge of him which readers are apt to have of a writer whose works have fallen into that oblivion of greatness which is scarcely less complete than the oblivion of littleness, and whose personal mould is no longer attractive to, or representative of, the age. His is one of the names which "everybody" knows; and everybody knows something about him. Certain facts in his history, certain things he has produced, are part of the general foundation of knowledge which comes to us, we do not well know how, from the fathers and grandfathers to whom the quaint and old-fashioned distance of last century bore a personal interest. We know something of Voltaire's tragedies, something of *Candide* and Dr. Pangloss, something of his histories, and a great deal about his connection with the Great Frederic, and the miserable quarrels and spite of that philosophic circle. We know too that he holds a place in French literature of very high importance, and even in something more than French literature. In France herself, spiritual and moral, there is still a kind of galvanic life in the strange figure, half buffoon, half philosopher, which probably takes its chief value from the fact that in itself it was the most perfectly representative figure of his age. The man Voltaire died nearly a hundred years ago, but still Voltairism is spoken of as if it were a fit antagonist of Christianity on the other side of the Channel, and his influence represents at once to his enemies and his friends a power immensely greater than any name of his century — nay, than all the names of his century put together — have left among ourselves. No inquiry could be more curious and interesting than the question how this all came about. The reader, however, will not be able to make this out from "Voltaire, by John Morley," which, though a work of much

learning and some eloquence, is not historical but critical, and demands an acquaintance at once with the man and his works which we fear only scholars possess. Approaching the subject from no scholarly point of view, and without any desire to enter into the miserable maze of clever argument by which Voltaire "*se sentit appelé à détruire les préjugés de toutes espèces*," we shall endeavour to throw a little light upon the character and position of this remarkable personage, for a real and searching examination of his work and influence in history would require an amount of space and labour which we cannot pretend to give. Mr. Morley makes very high claims for his hero: "When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds," he says, "the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great classic movements in the European advance, like the Revival of learning or the Reformation." This is making more than a man of the great representative figure of the seventeenth century. We should have thought that to place him on an equality with Luther would have been distinction enough, but Mr. Morley seems to require more than this. And indeed, Luther does not occupy anywhere the same living position which the name of Voltaire occupies in men's mouths, at least on the other side of the Channel. It is a difficult position for an individual with so many imperfections on his head. His system was not a lofty one, whatever its success may have been, and in his own person he was very far from blameless. It is not an apostolic figure, nor a celestial work, which can be presented to us, even by the warmest of partisans, but still it is one which has filled a large place in the eyes of the world and which in many ways is extremely curious. Everybody whose opinion has been worth recording for the last hundred years has given some deliverance on this subject; and, as Mr. Morley tells us, these judgments have been about as diverse as there have been lips to utter them. He is himself very deeply impressed with the importance of Voltaire's work. Yet he does not disguise, but rather, if we may say so, takes a kind of serious pleasure in record-

* Voltaire. By John Morley. London, 1872.

ing the many animadversions which have attended his hero's name.

"Voltaireism may stand for the name of the Renaissance of the eighteenth century, for that name takes in all the serious haltings and short-comings of this strange movement, as well as its terrible fire, swiftness, sincerity, and strength. The rays from Voltaire's burning and far shining spirit no sooner struck upon the genius of the time, seated dark and dead like the black stone of Memnon's statue, than the clang of the breaking chord was heard through Europe, and men awoke in new day and more spacious air. The sentimentalist has proclaimed him a mere mocker. To the critics of the schools ever ready with compendious label, he is the revolutionary destructive. To each alike of the countless orthodox sects, his name is the symbol for the prevailing of the gates of hell. Erudition figures him as shallow and a trifler: culture condemns him for pushing his hatred of spiritual falsehood much too seriously: Christian charity feels constrained to unmask a demon from the depths of the pit. The plain men of the earth, who are apt to measure the merits of a philosopher by the strength of his sympathy with existing sources of comfort, would generally approve the saying of Dr. Johnson, that he would sooner sign a sentence for Rousseau's transportation than that of any felon who had gone from the Old Bailey for many years, and that the difference between him and Voltaire was so slight that 'it would be difficult to settle the proportions of iniquity between them.' Those of all schools and professions who have the temperament which mistakes strong expressions for strong judgment, and violent phrase for grounded conviction, have been stimulated by antipathy against Voltaire to a degree that, in any of them with latent turns for humour, must now and then have stirred a kind of reacting sympathy. The rank vocabulary of malice and hate, noisome fringe of the history of opinion, has received many of its most fulminant terms from critics of Voltaire, along with some from Voltaire himself, who unwisely did not refuse to follow an adversary's bad example.

"Yet Voltaire was the very eye of modern illumination."

Thus applauded on one side and assailed on the other, worshipped, abused, flattered, and menaced, with an extravagance and intensity of feeling unknown to common men, the character of Voltaire can be no ordinary one. He was a poet, a historian, a philosopher, and a critic. In every sin-

gle branch of his pursuits he has been, even in his own country, surpassed; yet no individual of all his rivals holds anything like such a position in the world and the age. Few people read his works nowadays, but still fewer ignore his reputation. The mass of volumes which compose his pedestal are overrun with moss and closed with the ivies and clinging tendrils of the past, but the figure above them, with all its defects and meannesses — heaven knows, as poor a figure of a man as ever was mounted on that eminence — holds its place still, though the general mind does not quite know why.

François Marie Arouet, calling himself, for some reason or other, which none of his biographers seem quite able to make out, Voltaire, was born in February 1694, in Paris. His father was well off, and of respectable condition, holding an employment in the public service; and he was educated, as a child in his circumstances brought up by parents who meant him to rise in the world naturally would be, at a college taught by the Jesuits. Even at this early age the child must have shown a freedom from national prejudices and spiritual necessities greater than ordinary, for one of the reverend fathers prophesied of him that he would yet be the *Coryphée du Déisme* in France. He was launched into the world at an early age, and under the most "*heureuses circonstances*," as his biographer, Condorcet, assures us, under the special patronage of several of those brilliant and delightful abbés — churchmen whose only ecclesiastical habit was their soutane, and who did not pretend to the smallest shred either of faith or morals — who abound in all the memoirs of the period. One of the protectors of his youth was the famous Ninon, who left him a legacy to buy books, and approved greatly of the lad. With such instructors his mind developed rapidly. The tide had turned, by that time, of the Grand Monarque's splendour and popularity. That false but gorgeous culmination of success and magnificence was over, and the terrible chaos which followed began to rise darkly — not yet apparent — with all its tragic disorders yet undeveloped, the dim beginnings of something new preparing for the death-

struggle with the old world, which no one as yet foresaw. The Court was under the sway of Madame de Maintenon, and had become fictitiously good and religious as it had once been fictitiously joyous and popular; and Paris and its society, which was not growing old like Louis, went, as was not unnatural, into violent opposition, and "out of disgust for the severities of Versailles, carried freedom and pleasure to the extent of licence." Nothing could be more gay, more brilliant, more attractive than that cleverest and wickedest climax of good company; and young Voltaire, whose *petites epigrammes* seem to date back to a very early period in his existence, was the true child of his time, at once its best representative and its crowning production. That was not the age of revolution. Nearly a century had to come and go ere the grim practical seriousness of the national soul, driven frantic by misery, had to take up the coarser work, and make all the *persiflage* and all the witticisms into a tremendous reality, at which the gayest society ceased to laugh. In the mean time *petites epigrammes* were what the world lived for, and other things equally *petites*. It was the age of *petites maisons*, *petits soupers*, and many more charming indulgences—opposed to all of which stood a black-cowled frowning Church, of which in their secret souls most people were a little afraid, which set its face against everything—opinions, epigrams, pleasant little vices, all that Paris held most dear. The Church was not, let us allow, attractive at that period. It was one of her dark days, when the flesh had gained upon her largely, and when her faithful regiments who stood firm had grown morose, and even cruel, at sight of the temptations around, which other people yielded to, which they had themselves the virtue to resist, but not the virtue to hate. Half-a-dozen gay abbés, leading lives a trifle wicked and more luxurious than those of their lay companions, naturally produced at least one gloomy priest, who being but a man of his time like them, was exasperated and acerbated by his own goodness, and only too glad, when he had the chance, to shut the gates, not of heaven only, but even of the

grave, upon the scoffer who defied him. The two opposite sides acted upon each other as they always do. Lawless wit and mockery on one hand, produced—what could they else?—fierce, hysterical, and often foolish zeal on the other. The wicked world had so much the best of it in every way, to all appearance, that it is hard to blame a depressed and languid Church, partaking but too much of the spiritual deadness of the time, for having had recourse—God, or perhaps rather the devils, knew how—to those wild outbursts of miracle which it is so impossible to understand, and which, while powerless and meaningless for any good, give the adversary always a double occasion to blaspheme. The only alternative known by Voltaire to his own giddy, merry, agreeable, and unprincipled society was this austere, disagreeable, pleasure-condemning, miracle-producing Church. It was understood that this gloomy apparition was seated at the portals which led out of life, and that in mockery or in terror it was well to conciliate and make terms with her, as soon as these portals were approached; but up to that disagreeable moment, which no one cared to look forward to, Superstition, which was her name, was the fairest and the foremost object for all the gibes and pleasantries of an audacious society—the cause of inextinguishable laughter, when not of indignation. Except this visible and not pleasant embodiment of the Church, he and his contemporaries seem to have had no idea of anything representing a higher life than their own. This is their distinguishing peculiarity among the ages. Other generations have disputed and opposed as hotly and more effectually the sway of Rome—have stigmatized and abused, and even satirized and laughed at her; but these generations were always more or less officered and inspired by men with a creed which they believed to be more pure, and a higher ideal of life than that which they assailed. The age of Voltaire was embarrassed with no such idealism. If the Church was never less attractive than in that unhappy age, the world was never more distinct. It did not even profess that code of primitive morality, natural

right and wrong, which modern unbelievers often embellish by lives which are almost saintly; no such ideas existed in the lively brain of the eighteenth century. Mr. Morley, who belongs to the nineteenth candidly, and without any difficulty, allows this. For instance, the most fundamental of all natural virtues, that upon which society is built, and the value of which, on its lowest ground, even savage nations have an appreciation of, was not only ignored, but ridiculed by the age. Personal purity was a weakness, a folly, almost a vice in its eyes, and chiefly for the reason that it had been partially deified by the Church. On this subject Mr. Morley speaks as follows:—

“The peculiarity of the licence of France in the middle of the eighteenth century is, that it was looked upon with complacency by the great intellectual leaders of opinion. It took its place in the progressive formula. What austerity was to other forward movements, licence was to this. It is not difficult to perceive how so extraordinary a circumstance came to pass. Chastity was the supreme virtue in the eyes of the Church, the mystic key to the Christian holiness. Continenence was one of the most sacred of the pretensions by which the organized preachers of superstition claimed the reverence of men and women. It was identified, therefore, in a particular manner with that infamous against which the main assault of the times was directed. So men contended, more or less expressly—first, that continence was no commanding chief among virtues; then that it was a very superficial and easily practised virtue; finally, that it was no virtue at all, but, if sometimes a convenience, generally an impediment to free human happiness.”

We have no desire to misrepresent either the age or the hero. This is Mr. Morley's statement of the question. That which is of all other restrictions the one most vitally important to society, was thus abolished by society itself, because it was held in special esteem by “Superstition.” It is therefore evident that this age did not dream of opposing to “Superstition” any purer idealism, but that its law of nature was the simple law of the animal world, and that it was content to place its rebellion on the lowest and most distinct ground: no complications, no *nuances*, were in this straightforward profession of faith; and to do the men justice, they lived up to their creed.

This, however, makes a broad distinction between the unbelief of Voltaire's age and those kinds of unbelief with which we are more familiar. The two sides were perfectly distinct, and at the same time

perfectly harmonious. On one hand, hell-fire and all its flames, and, if occasion offered, legal fire of a still more undesirable kind, fagots in the market-place, and other such indisputable arguments; and on the other a pleasant, partially-legalized, frankly-acknowledged vileness on principle, for which, perhaps, the fagots were the only reasonable medicine. Little reason enough there was between them, heaven knows—miserable fleshly vengeance on the one hand, miserable fleshly wantonness made into a creed on the other. Such were the two forces which Voltaire saw partaking the world between them when he burst into it, in all the glory and ardour of that youth of genius which is the most heavenly or the most devilish of all powers under the sun.

We cannot follow his youthful career in detail; twice over he managed to get himself into the Bastille in that period when *lettres de cachets* rained from the official skies of France. The first time, his offence or supposed offence was political. It was immediately after the death of Louis XIV., when, amid a shower of other satires and execrations, there was published a very clever and indeed powerful set of verses entitled “*Les j'ai vu.*” These are printed in some editions of his works, as “attribués faussement” to Voltaire, but this denial is very vague, and they are sufficiently striking to warrant the idea that they were his. After a melancholy record of all the wrongs which “*j'ai vu,*” the verses terminate as follow:—

“*J'ai vu un hypocrite honoré,
J'ai vu, c'est tout dire, un jésuite adoré,
J'ai vu ces maux sous le règne funeste
D'un prince qui jadis la colère celeste
Accorda, par vengeance, à nos desirs ardents;
J'ai vu ces maux, et je n'ai pas vingt ans.*”

“He was a little more than twenty-two,” says Condorcet, “and the police looked upon that conformity of age as a sufficient proof to deprive him of his liberty.” His second imprisonment was occasioned by a little incident still more characteristic of the period. The young *homme d'esprit*, who was nobody, made a saucy answer to no less a personage than a Rohan at some one of the convivial meetings which he has described with gay vanity as made up of princes and poets. The Rohan, too splendid to descend to personal means of punishment, had the daring young plebeian cudgelled by his lackeys at the very door of the house of the Duc de Sully where the *bon-mot* had been said. Young Voltaire “would have taken means,” says Condor-

cet, cautiously, "to avenge his outraged honour — means authorized by the manners of modern nations, but condemned by their laws;" in other words, Mr. Morley tells us, he tried to induce his princely insulter to fight him. But that would have been too great an honour for a poet, and the Rohan sent him to the Bastille instead. This, which would have disgusted many a man with fine society, and which no doubt was one instance of the many insulting indignities which at last drove France mad, and gave her some kind of wild excuse for the awful retribution she exacted, had no such imbittering effect upon Voltaire. He grinned and bore it, no doubt, with literal exactitude; and on his liberation from prison in six months found himself banished from Paris, and made the best of his fate by going to England, which, so far as his personal success went, was undoubtedly by much the best thing that could have befallen him.

There is, however, one little incident of this preface of his life which, though trifling enough, is worth quoting. During his first imprisonment he finished and prepared for the stage "Edipus," his first tragedy. At one of its earliest repetitions an intruder suddenly appeared upon the stage, holding up the train of the high priest, and mimicking his high-tragic step and bearing. The Maréchale de Villars, who was present, asked who was the young man who evidently was trying to ruin the piece? She was told it was the author! This curious piece of juvenile cynicism and mockery even of himself, procured for him the acquaintance of the lady, for whom he immediately conceived a profound and unrequited passion — the first and most serious of his life. Perhaps there was a certain poetic justice in this result of his *dourderie*: it made him lose a great deal of time which he afterwards mourned over, but no doubt, which would be a consolation, extended his connection still further with the society he loved.

The time of Voltaire's visit to England was one specially favourable for him. Mr. Morley mentions as a surprise and novelty to the visitor, the high place which he found to be occupied in England by literary men. "The poet," he says "who had been thrown into prison for resenting a whipping from a nobleman's lackeys, found himself in a country where Newton and Locke were rewarded with lucrative places in the administration of the country, where Prior and Gay acted in important embassies, and where Addison was a secretary of state." This sounds very fine, but we

cannot help doubting whether the sharp-sighted Frenchman could have felt much envy for these seeming splendid appointments. He himself executed important missions in after-times, but he had the wisdom not often belonging to his race to make himself independent, and to trust his provision to no one — a circumstance which, in all countries, smooths matters immensely for the man of literature. But there has never perhaps been a time when the English republic of letters so much resembled the French in its tone, and laws, and manners. Unique among the ages, that period of literature submitted itself, as none in England had done before or has done since, to those rules of correct art which have always reigned on the other side of the Channel. Whatever new principles Voltaire drew from it, its love for the unities, its terror for the barbarisms of genius, its ideas of grace and melody in style, were like his own. And so to a great extent was its moral attitude, — an attitude almost equally profane, but not polemically immoral, for the simple reason that "Superstition" — i.e., the Church — did not possess the same power in England as in France, and could not enforce the same penalties. It was a thing which could be good-humouredly ignored, laughed at, or patronized with contemptuous complaisance, without any breach of recognized good manners or public scandal. This curious and delightful freedom from all obtrusive claims must have struck him at once, as every difference which lies on the surface strikes a stranger; and the careless Protestant ease of men never required to doff a hat before a passing cross, or bend a knee to any sacramentary procession, no doubt impressed him with a sense of absolute freedom from all the troublesome circumstances of religion. And then, of course, the England of his experience was the class which received him, as it is to all strangers. The real heart of the country, which has always been kept sound by unostentatious piety and reverential feeling, was as much out of his reach as Kamschatka; but he knew the wits, who never before or since have had things so much their own way on the gay surface of society, and he found himself no doubt in a sort of Paradise in that free-speaking and free-thinking world.

Voltaire's scepticism, up to this time, as Mr. Morley points out, had been but an instinctive opposition to the Church, its severities and pretensions. But he now discovered with delight that philosophy had gone a great deal further, and that there was

scarcely any limit to the length which his friends permitted themselves to go. He found these friends pervaded by a deism founded on "the philosophy of Shaftesbury, expounded by Bolingbroke, and embellished by the poetry of Pope." He made acquaintance with the two greater shadows of Newton and Locke, which, without any will of theirs, dominated, or seemed to dominate, that clever chaos: and without in the least entering into the higher spirit of these great names, he took up so much of their teaching as was congenial to him. He learnt that imagination must be banished from reasoning by the severe laws of induction; that no theory must be accepted without being proved; and that the understanding can know nothing that is not communicated to it by the senses. Upon these precious intellectual tools he pounced with all the avidity of his nature. No doubt it was something like a new gospel which they revealed to him. For it must be remembered that this young genius, the last flower of a most corrupt society, trained in what we have ventured to call polemical immorality, was one of those curious exceptional men born now and then into the world, without any apparent trace in him of that portion of human nature commonly called soul. Voltaire had an excess of intellect. He had something which served him very well for a heart, and which was capable of some honest and real emotions—he had feeling and unquestionable benevolence; but he does not seem to have had any spiritual necessities, or even consciousness that spiritual necessities could be. Mr. Morley comments upon the weakness of that "form of Christian profession which now fascinates many fine and subtle minds," which is founded upon the belief, or rather "assumption, that there are certain inborn cravings in the human heart, constant, profound, and inextinguishable," of which Christianity is the fullest satisfaction. With this "graceful development of belief," Voltaire, he says, had no acquaintance; and he imagines how his hero "would have sought the grounds for calling those aspirations universal." On this point we entirely agree with Mr. Morley. We believe that such aspirations are not universal, and that a learned and exhaustive study of the examples of humanity of whom it can be clearly proved that they do not possess anything of the kind, would be one of the most interesting of historical investigations. Voltaire was one of these men; so was Hume, who lived and influenced the same age, and was a very different character from Vol-

taire. Both of them lived long lives, were fully recompensed in this world for all they had done and intended to do, reaped their harvests, finished their work, and really do not seem to have had in their lives, or to have left behind them, any wrong undressed, any advantage unsecured, which would make another world necessary. Perhaps the inquiry would be an audacious one, but, could we follow it out, and discover in the career of other men of corresponding character the same wonderful completeness and finish of the mortal cycle, there might be ground for building a very curious theory upon the subject. The instances, however, are too few to make this easily practicable. Voltaire was one of those singular beings. Without meaning the slightest disrespect, or desiring to use anything but the most impartial scientific language, we know no better way of describing him than to say that he was a man without a soul. He had no spiritual necessities of his own, and he regarded those of others with simple curiosity and wonder, if not with indignation and contempt. The strange weakness of many human creatures in this respect—their craving for unseen fortification, consolation, and counsel—their attempt to establish relations with the unknown—was to him what the raptures of a party of musical amateurs are to a man without an ear. He listens to their discussions with surprised and half-curious derision. What do the block-heads mean? Are these ecstasies put on for a purpose, mere affectations of enthusiasm; or are they so besotted as really to imagine that they have found beauty and meaning in the succession of noises which convey no sense whatever to him? This example is not at all an uncommon one; and those who have either felt the difficulty in their own persons, or been made the confidant of others, will know how bewildering to all the faculties is this absence of one. Voltaire was in this position in respect to religion. Many incidents in his life dispose us to believe that he looked upon it as mere acting; a farce in which, when needful, he was quite ready to play his part, as other men played theirs, in obedience to some grotesque and incomprehensible prejudice. But he was absolutely destitute of the faculty for understanding what the word really meant, and what the great mass of men in all ages have understood by it. When we say this, we feel that we are defending and not assailing his character; his infidelity had no evil intention in it. He thoroughly and honestly believed that he was doing the very

best thing by his countrymen in conveying his new light to them. He was not only convinced of the justice of his philosophy, but also that it was the best of philosophies, clearing away all mists from the horizon, and defining clearly the real and legitimate objects of human endeavour. When he came back to France, "se sentant appelé à détruire des préjugés de toutes espèces," it was with a fine glow of sentiment that he recognized his duty. To himself the world was much improved in every way by the clearing off of so many ridiculous mysteries. He was more at his ease in it; and though even to him this reasonable world, wherein men managed their own affairs without any interposition on the part of God, took by moments the maddest air of chaos, wild bacchanal dance of folly and ruin, yet he felt it enough for him and asked no more. A man whose intellect alone is convinced of the negation of all things, may go mad of it or die in despair, as some few men have done; but the man without a soul is cheerful in the midst of the dissolving views and breaking-up scenery of the ancient heaven; and the more cheerfully content he is with himself, the more effectual is his influence upon others. He is like the Christian disciples, an epistle read of all men. If Voltaire, one of the finest minds of his age, was thus impervious to all religious impressions, and cheerfully satisfied to do without them, how was he to imagine in lesser natures a finer susceptibility than his own? or how were these lesser natures to credit their own longings against the testimony of this *homme supérieur*? Thus he was clothed for his mission in mail which made him personally invulnerable, without even a spiritual tendon Achilles attainable to his adversaries.

Toleration, we believe, was once a difficult virtue. It has now become so much a fashion that even those who profit by it most grow weary of its mild forbearances. And it is the very philosophers whose existence, so to speak, is guaranteed by its principles, who, tired of so much gentle humbug, have begun to teach the world once more that it is best to call a spade a spade. For a long time past we have all been disposed to believe that assaults upon established religions are far from being necessarily irreligious; and to allow that very good men — men of pure character and natural piety, are to be found in the class which our forefathers would have broadly stigmatized, hated, and probably burnt, as infidels. Indeed there has of late years been a tendency to exalt the

holy unbeliever to a quite disproportionate elevation. This habitual prejudice makes it painful for us to assert of any assault upon established religion that it is not really in its way a religious movement, an attempt at something better, a kind of crusade of enlightenment and high principle, with purer tendencies and higher aims than religion itself. But scientific truthfulness compels us to admit that the Voltairism of Voltaire and his times was entirely an irreligious movement. This fact separates it broadly from all such systems as that of Comte, for example, which professes to replace with something else of a spiritual character the ancient economy which it attempted to destroy. Voltaire and his age went broadly on the contrary principle that religion was unnecessary and superfluous; not one special religion, but all, or any; and that the world was better without it. He had no objections to a vague god and a vague immortality for those who cared for such visions; but his whole system was absolutely non-spiritual. We have already indicated that in one particular at least, and that a most important one, it was also non-moral. Thus the greatest and most successful movement against Christianity — that which has lived and lasted, and still holds its head in ostentatious vitality among living influences — was a system which (scientifically) ignored all religious principle and feeling whatever, and which permitted and indeed encouraged immorality. Old-fashioned people took this for granted, and acted accordingly: but the evident fact, that systems which affect the hearts and lives of men do not generally triumph by their easiness; and the modern prejudice, that there must be some pure nucleus of goodness in everything which permanently attracts men — makes us only capable of admitting to ourselves, with a certain surprise, that in this one movement at least, neither moral purity nor spiritual elevation are to be found; nay, not even a hint of them, nor any germ from which they could spring. Here was no prophet sweeping away a host of tributary gods, to establish the one Supreme Authority in the world; no purifier of the temple, driving out fraud and gain to bring in purity and prayer; no moralist even, sick of a host of permitted sins, and sworn to bring virtue back into a polluted earth. Nothing of all this. To our thinking, all the ascetic crusades of history, all the Reformations, moral Revolutions, fanaticisms, persecutions, are easy of comprehension in comparison. For once the

old, easy, absolute idea that men threw off spiritual belief because they hated moral restrictions, and that Vice was the parent of Infidelity—a doctrine of very difficult tenure, but perhaps too completely ignored in this tolerant age—seems to have found proof and justification. Voltaire, Mr. Morley tells us, is as notable in the world's history as the Reformation. He is, France tells us, still eminent in the midst of her, a power against which Religion feels all her efforts kept in perpetual strain. And yet there is no possibility of either spiritual or moral influence in him, nothing that elevates the mind or expands the heart. The fact is very extraordinary, and not very flattering to mankind.

Mr. Morley is very distinct upon this unspiritual and un-moral character of his hero's system. "It contained no element of asceticism," he says; it was a "reaction against the subordination of the intellectual to the moral side of man." It had no aid from the higher imagination, which indeed it ignored, along with the subjects which interest that divinest faculty—nor from the moral consciousness, which is so effectual an auxiliary in most human movements. Gay Reason, intensely clear-sighted within its range, arm in arm with pleasant Vice, thus went forth one day as in a fable; and without the power of touching one human heart or purifying one human life—without the means and equally without the intention—conquered an age! Surely the most curious conquest, the most incomprehensible victory, ever won in this astounding world.

Condorcet gives us with delightful *naïveté* a sketch of the manner in which the young exile on his return from England applied himself to the gigantic work of destroying every kind of prejudice in his native country. "He felt that it was possible to secure success by a happy mixture of boldness and malleability; by knowing when to yield to the spirit of the time, when to take advantage of it, and when to form it anew; by making use, in their turn, and adroitly, of reason, of humour, of the charm of poetry, and the hits of the theatre; in short, by making Reason simple enough to become popular, indulgent (*aimable*) enough not to frighten frivolity, and sufficiently attractive to become the fashion. This great project of making himself, by the power of his genius alone, the benefactor of an entire people, by tearing it from its errors, inflamed the heart of Voltaire, and kindled his courage. He swore to consecrate his life to it—and he kept his word.

For about twenty years after his return to Paris, Voltaire pursued his labours either there or in the country, with, however, little appearance of conscious and systematic devotion to any such grand aim. During this time he produced most of his best plays, some of his histories, altogether a great deal of work on many subjects, and in many styles. His epic, of which France was to be so proud, his tragedies, which are, perhaps, the part of his labours best known to after-generations, belong to this period; and so do a host of incidents—some of them to his credit, some the reverse—which reveal to us his strange, active, versatile life, full of bustle and occupation, of work and excitement, of flattery and abuse, of personal generousities and meannesses. With a wisdom and clear-sightedness which many an author since would gladly have shared had circumstances permitted, and which, could it be generally adopted, would perhaps do more good to literature than any other device ever thought of, Voltaire resolved from an early period of his career to secure his freedom of action by an admirable and simple rule. "He determined to become rich in order to be independent." This admirable resolution emancipated him in every way; and fortunately his father and brother, both dead by this time, had left him enough to make a good foundation. He speculated, he lent money at interest, he was a sharp man of business, exact and prudent. He placed himself in such a happy position at last that he had no need either "to seek patrons, to solicit places, or to negotiate with publishers," and required only to consult himself as to when or what he should write, whom he should criticize and whom praise—a most enviable independence, but one which lies within the reach of but a few. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, he came very often in collision with authorities of all kinds, and had as pretty a list of quarrels on hand as ever fell to any man's share. He was forbidden to print one of his tragedies. He had to leave the capital in consequence of his ode, an innocent effusion enough, upon the death of Madle. Lecouvreur. His "*Lettres sur les Anglais*" was burned publicly by order of the Parliament of Paris, an agreeable incident which recurred frequently in his career, and which even his enlightened friend Frederick repeated at Berlin. Banished from Paris for this publication, and again for the "*Pour et Contre*," sometimes called "*L'Épître à Uranie*," he led a sufficiently restless and lively life. "Amid

those storms," says Condorcet, "the lieutenant of police, Herault, said one day to Voltaire, 'Whatever you write, you will never succeed in destroying the Christian religion.' 'That is just what we shall see,'" said the other, calmly. To such a point had his ambition grown. And yet an aim so immense would seem to have required a different kind of action. It is as curious a particular, perhaps, as any in the story, that a man so full of ability and power should have believed it possible that he could destroy the Christian religion by means of brilliant tragedies and essays, and epistles to Uranie. Few things could show more clearly at once the immense self-confidence of his intellect, and his absolute incapacity to understand those forces against which he pitted himself with such glib composure.

To this period of his life belongs his connection with Madame du Châtelet, which is one of the most curious episodes in the history of philosophy, the most whimsical kind of improper *liaison* that ever surely was recorded. It lasted fifteen years; and though the necessities of the times exacted, we suppose, some fiction of *amour*, at least at its commencement, it was evidently a good, steady friendship of two people of corresponding tastes, with as little passion about it as was likely to stimulate two students working together over their books. Both of them competed for a prize offered by the Academy of Sciences for an essay on the nature and propagation of fire; and they contended on different sides in a purely philosophical *concours*, in which Voltaire took the side of Descartes and Newton against Leibnitz and Bernouilli. Madame du Châtelet conferred upon him the advantage of a chateau in the country, where labour was the order of the day. She led him a stormy life, full of ups and downs, in which nothing was uninterrupted except the work. We quote — not from the original descriptions, which are at once too piquant and too lengthy for our space, but from Mr. Morley's present book, and from Mr. Carlyle's brilliant essay upon Voltaire, published many years ago — the two following pictures of the life of this singular pair; —

"The truly important feature of the life which Voltaire led at Cirey" (says Mr. Morley), "was its unremitting diligence. Like a Homeric goddess, the divine Emilie poured a cloud round her hero. There is a sort of moral climate in a household, an impalpable, unseizable, indefinable set of influences which predispose the inmates to industry and self-control, or

else relax fibre and slacken purpose. At Cirey there was an almost monastic rule. Madame Gragny says, that though Voltaire felt himself bound by politeness to pay her a visit from time to time in her apartment, he usually avoided sitting down, apologetically protesting how frightful a thing is the quantity of time people lose in talking, and that waste of time is the most fatal extravagance of which one can be guilty. He seems to have usually passed the whole day at his desk, or in making physical experiments in his chamber. The only occasion on which people met was at the supper, at nine in the evening. Until then, the privacy of the chamber, alike of the hostess, who was analyzing Leibnitz or translating Newton, and of the unofficial host, who was compiling material for the 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' or polishing and repolishing 'Mahomet,' or investigating the circumstances of the propagation of fire, was sacredly inviolable."

Our next quotation is more amusing, as it gives an idea not so much of Voltaire's privileges and advantages in this strange life, as of some of the penalties he had to pay for them — penalties such as, in one shape or other, most people have to pay for all advantages thus equivocally acquired.

"Setting aside its whole criminality, which indeed perhaps went for little then, this literary *amour* wears but a mixed aspect; short sun-gleams with long tropical tornadoes; touches of guitar music, soon followed by Lisbon earthquakes. Marmontel, we remember, speaks of knives being used, or at least brandished, and for quite other purposes than carving. Madame la Marquise was no saint in any sense, but rather a Socrates' spouse, who would keep patience and the whole philosophy of gaiety in constant practice. Like Queen Elizabeth, if she had the talents of a man, she had more than the caprices of a woman.

"We shall take only one item, and that a small one, in this mountain of misery — her strange habits and methods of locomotion. She is perpetually travelling; a peaceful philosopher is lugged over the world to Cirey, to Lunéville, to that *pied à terre* in Paris; resistance avails not; here, as in so many other cases, *il faut se ranger*. Sometimes, precisely on the eve of such a departure, her domestics, exasperated by hunger and ill-usage, will strike work in a body, and a new set has to be collected at an hour's warning. Then Madame has been known to keep the postilions cracking and *sacre-ing* at the gate from morn till dewy eve, simply because she was playing cards, and the games went against her. But figure a lean and vivid-tempered philosopher starting from Paris at last, under cloud of night, during hard frost, in a huge lumbering coach, or rather waggon, compared with which, indeed, the generality of modern waggons were a luxurious conveyance. With four starved, and perhaps spavined, bawls,

he slowly sets forth 'under a mountain of band-boxes;' at his side sits the wandering virago, in front of him a waiting-maid with additional bandboxes, '*et divers effets de sa maîtresse.*' At the next stage the postilions have to be beat up; they come out swearing. Cloaks and fur-pelisses avail little against the January cold; 'time and hours' are, once more, the only hope; but, lo! at the tenth mile, this Tyburn coach breaks down! One many-voiced discordant wail shrieks through the solitude making night hideous—but in vain; the axle-tree has given way, the vehicle has overset, and marchioness, chamber-maids, bandboxes, and philosophers are weltering in inextricable chaos.

What would Dr. Kitchener, with his 'Travel-ler's Oracle,' have said to all this? For there is snow on the ground, and four peasants must be roused from a village half a league off before that accursed vehicle can so much as be lifted from its beam-ends! Vain it is for Longchamps, far in advance sheltered in a hospitable though half-dismantled chateau, to pluck pigeons and be in haste to roast them; they will never be eaten to supper, scarcely to breakfast next morning! Nor is it now only, but several times, that this unhappy axle-tree plays them foul; nay once, beggared by Madame's gambling, they have not cash to pay for mending it, and the smith, though they are in keenest flight almost for their lives, will not trust them.

"We imagine that these are trying things to any philosopher."

Voltaire accordingly had his difficulties in his remarkable domestic arrangements like so many other men, and the strange *château delabré* in which he spent so many of these years, enclosed within its quaint old walls scenes as extraordinary as ever the supreme tragi-comedy of life has presented to the amazed eyes of posterity. The house, with all its chief rooms thus occupied, the droll brief visits paid from one chamber to another, the silent absorption in work, and sudden outbursts of storm, make up one of the most wonderful interiors ever revealed. But the work rolled on among those queer surroundings. After two or three years spent in physical studies—investigations about fire and other such curiously inappropriate yet typical subjects—Voltaire had the good sense to consult Clairaut as to the likelihood of his ever becoming great in that sphere of study. "Clairaut had the frankness to answer that by dint of obstinate work he could only count on making himself an indifferent philosopher (*savant médiocre*), and would thus lose the time which he owed to poetry and philosophy." Accordingly, to poetry and philosophy he turned again, resuming all his earlier industries. At Cirey, he wrote, Condorcet

tells us, "Alzire," "Zulima," and "Mahomet;" completed his "Discours sur l'Homme," wrote the history of Charles XII, prepared the "Siècle de Louis XIV." and collected materials for his essay "Sur les Mœurs et l'Espirit des Nations." We doubt whether any one of these works could be called truly great, but the effect they produced upon their time was great, and the fame that resulted from them immense. "Mahomet," for instance, a famous effort to embody a great conception, is in reality a work founded on the lowest possible idea of the prophet's character—such an idea as the narrowest of religious bigots has long found to be untenable. The great Arab is the most commonplace soldier of fortune, clever enough to secure for himself the aid of fanaticism, in Voltaire's drama, a man whose entire policy is influenced by an inclination for a slave-girl who has been brought up to worship him, and who is uncsciously in love with her own brother, and aiding and abetting that brother in the murder of their father. That this plot should be the composition of the man who calls Hamlet a "rude and barbarous piece," and describes it as such a work as might be "the fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage," is a most curious fact. Mr. Morley, though he allows that "anybody with a true sense of poetry would sacrifice all the plays that Voltaire ever wrote . . . for the soliloquy in Hamlet," still applauds "the concentration and regularity" of the principles of construction of the French drama—principles thus illustrated by one of the most famous works of his hero. We are far from asserting, however, that Voltaire's tragedies are unworthy of admiration. There is a sustained fire and energy in the style which breaks over the bounds of the Alexandrines, and carries the reader along with a sympathy and interest which are very high tributes to a kind of poetry which is so much out of our natural way. "Merope," for instance, as a sustained and powerful study of one passion, is like a fine picture in monotone. There is nothing to disturb the one situation, the severely-guarded unity of sentiment. Variety has been entirely sacrificed to intensity, and with reason. Everything in it tends to one centre, every thought is subordinated to the one meaning, and that meaning is profaned by no impertinences, and broken by no other intrusive emotion. There is a certain majesty, even in its brevity and highly-concentrated passion. In its own style it would be difficult to surpass this fine study; and we are quite

ready to admit with Mr. Morley "that there is in these limits of construction a concentration and regularity, and in those too contemned Alexandrines a just and swelling cadence, that confer a high degree of pleasure of the highest kind."

By what trick of opinion it was, however, that the tragedies of Voltaire were supposed to be irreligious or polemically anti-Christian, it is very difficult to imagine. The play of "Mahomet," as we have said, takes the very lowest view of the prophet's character. It represents him to us as a conscious impostor, taking advantage of the follies of men, and telling his confidant that he does so in the most straightforward way. "In presenting the founder of one great religion in this odious shape, he was doubtless suggesting that the same account might be true of the founder of another," Mr. Morley says, but without in reality the least ground for saying so, since Voltaire's age had not arrived at the refinement of slumping all religions together, and to treat the prophet of Mecca as an impostor, was a most usual and not at all impious assumption on the face of it. In short, the piece would seem to have been condemned by the simple name of its author, if not by some private cabal concerned about other interests than those of religion. Voltaire sent it to Pope Benedict XIV., who received it graciously, and sent him a medal in return. "Crebillon," says Condorcet, "was more scrupulous than the Pope;" but it may be doubted whether he was moved by religious motives. In the drama of "Alzire," on the other hand, Voltaire is absolutely Christian. He introduces not only in Alvarés, an aged Christian philosopher, but in Gusman, his son, a man in the height of life and passion, murdered by his rival on his wedding-day, a virtue which is almost inconceivable in its perfection. And this is not as Condorcet says, "virtue perfected by reason," but virtue profoundly and almost ostentatiously Christian. Gusman, who is dying, who is aware that he has been killed out of jealousy as well as patriotism, and that his bride loves his slayer, addresses the assassin in the following words:—

"Vis, superbe ennemi, sois libre et te sourn
Quel est le devoir, et la mort d'un Chretien.

Des dieux que nous servons, connois la difference,

Les tiens t'ont commandé le meurtre et la vengeance,

Et le mien, quand ton bras vient de m'assassiner,
M'ordonne de te plaindre et de te pardonner."

Nothing can be more edifying than these sentiments; and one would have supposed them capable of covering a multitude of sins. But it does not appear that it was so. Voltaire, indeed, was not the sort of man to be let off. His contempt and scorn were at once so clear and so extreme, his want of comprehension of his adversary's possible honesty or better meaning so complete, that the offence of every one who took the opposite side was mingled with and increased by a thousand personal irritations. He spared nobody, except indeed those who came to him weeping and craved his mercy, whom he was always ready to defend. A hand so prompt against every man naturally found a constant band of opponents equally prompt. And thus in storm and feud, in bustle and business, in continual movement and warfare, his life slipped slowly away—a life without any very great events in it, which seems endless in its long expanse of more than eighty years. In this its middle interval he attained what is the crown of distinction to a Frenchman—a place in the Academy—an honour which he had previously sought in vain. This was done chiefly by Court favour, Madame de Pompadour having drawn upon the poet a certain gleam of recognition from those heavens of which she held the key. She employed him to compose a comedy in celebration of the marriage of the Dauphin—an insignificant piece, which, however, procured for him the post of gentleman of the bedchamber, and the title of historiographer of France. He recorded his own opinion of this transaction concisely enough as follows:—

"Mon Henri Quartre et ma Zaïre,
Et mon Americaine Alzire,
Ne m'ont valu jamais un seul regard du roi,
J'eus beaucoup d'ennemis avec tres-peu de gloire,
Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi,
Pour une farce de la Foire."

Something more, however, was necessary to open the celestial gates of the Academy. He had to conciliate those enemies against whom it was the work of his life to combat in every possible way. "He was obliged, by way of disarming the dévots, to write a letter to Père Latour, in which he declared his respect for religion, and, what was still more necessary, his attachment to the Jesuits." Condorcet does

not hesitate to say, that "no doubt it would have been better to give up the Academy than to write this letter." But such apparently was not the opinion of Voltaire.

In 1749 the Marquise du Châtelet died, and Voltaire lost his domestic circle, his, so to speak, home life. A year later he went to Berlin on the invitation of Frederick—a memorable journey, which all the world has heard of. Never was a more memorable friendship. The greatest king then living, and the man whose literary fame was to that of all his contemporaries, at least on the Continent, as a sea is to the streams that swell it, met apparently upon equal terms, with showers of mutual laudation and mutual worship. "To be lodged in the rooms which had been occupied by the Maréchal de Saxe, to have at my command the King's kitchen when I chose to eat alone, and his carriage when I wanted to go out, these were the smallest of my privileges," says Voltaire himself. "The suppers were very pleasant. I don't know if I deceive myself, but I think there was a great deal of wit amongst us: the King possessed it himself, and encouraged it in others. I worked two hours a-day with his Majesty. I corrected his works, never failing to praise what was good, while I struck out what was worth nothing. I was not called upon for the duties of a courtier. I had no visits to pay, no office to fill. I had an altogether free life, and I could not imagine any position more agreeable." Notwithstanding the agreeable character of the statement, however, there is a keen and sharp anatomy in the narrative of Frederick and his Court, in which it is contained, which no vituperation could exceed. The visitor paints that lawless, graceless, unattractive Court, in keen, incisive lines, as on a background of flame. A white smile of fierce enjoyment is on his lips, and his pen bites into the page like an etching-needle, as he thus sets his august friend before us. Their sentimentalities and their gibes, how they kissed each other's hands, how the King spoke of throwing away the orange-skin when he had swallowed the juice, and the poet said that he had the King's dirty linen to wash, need not be repeated here; but the whole story is such a mixture of the laughable, the contemptible, and the deplorable, as few records of companionship in this world have ever been. The sweet things these two old satyrs said to each other—the spiteful change of voice when they parted—the gossips, delighted with the office, who carried each new gibe from

one to the other—the jealous philosophers who came in to widen the incipient breach—all this is as well known to us as if, which heaven forbid, we had been witnesses of their petty miserable bickering. The king laughed and encouraged his friend to laugh at poor Maupertuis, then turned round upon Voltaire when he satirized Maupertuis as Dr. Akakia, and had his satire burned by the hand of the hangman. Voltaire, with tears of fury and sentiment, sent him back his key and cross—

"Je les reçus avec tendresse,
Je les trenvoie avec douleur,
Comme un amant dans sa jalouse ardeur,
Rend le portrait de sa maitresse,"

the one old fool wrote to the other. The maudlin folly of all this pretended feeling, the paltry squabble as of two old women in a work-house, the genuine and refreshing reality of the spite, which is the only true quality among so much that is false, are as small and poor as they are hideous; and it is scarcely needful to go on to the burlesque of a state arrest at Frankfort, where Voltaire was kept in prison till he restored a certain volume of *poeshie du roi mon maître*—blessed Germanism, which permits him a shrill shriek of infuriated laughter as he closes his pillory-sketch of his royal friend. This is the best-known episode in his life; and it is unnecessary for us to dwell upon it. It is equally unfavourable to both the personages involved. They had their points of greatness; but in this encounter any two old scolding, swearing, superannuated lackeys—any pair of gossips in a village, making hypocritical pretences of love, and stabbing at each other in the dark—would present as dignified an appearance to the world.

After this period of gilded servitude Voltaire kept his liberty, and risked himself in no new connection, except, indeed, in that domestic bondage imposed upon him by Madame Denis, his niece, which was at least voluntary and natural. It was now that, finding no warm response to his project of settling in Paris, he established himself at Ferney, where the end of his life was passed. He had always been fond of the country, a peculiarity not common at his period; and when he had settled down in this distant corner, he began to make of himself a sort of refuge for the destitute and universal champion of the oppressed—a curious but amiable fancy. It is perhaps wrong to attribute any motive to Voltaire in his assumption

of this office beyond his natural inclination to do good, and the humanity and benevolence of a mind henceforward set more or less free from the engrossing occupations of a more active age. "Should it be objected that love of reputation entered largely into these proceedings," says Mr. Carlyle—not too favourable a critic—"Voltaire can afford a handsome deduction on that head; should the uncharitable even calculate that love of reputation was the sole motive, we can only remind them that love of *such* reputation is itself the effect of a social, humane disposition, and wish, as an immense improvement, that all men were animated by it." There is, however, a sort of official character in the way he sets himself up as the protector specially of the persecuted, interfering as an independent prince might, in cases such as that of Calas, a Protestant, executed on a false accusation for murdering a son who was about to turn Catholic; of Sirven, obliged to fly before a similar imputation; of La Barre, accused of having profaned a cross, &c.—which is something more than spontaneous kindness. It was as good a way as another, perhaps the best way, of holding Superstition up to the world as an instrument of all atrocity. In respect to the case of Calas, he is reported to have said, with an exaggeration in which it is difficult not to see a certain conscious mockery, that he could not forgive himself had he ever smiled until he had obtained her rights for the unfortunate widow whose husband had been legally murdered. But notwithstanding the political motive which is apparent, and the *pose* of champion which is not altogether blamable, there is a large reserve of true charitableness and goodness of heart left behind. He was a remorseless mocker and a critic full of cruel levity; but the moment that any one appealed to him or threw himself on his mercy, some marvellous mixture of pleased vanity along with natural kindness, made Voltaire at once that man's champion and supporter. He did a great deal of good at Ferney; he interested himself for the welfare of the country; he cultivated a village, and did his best to benefit his neighbours generally; he even built a church, and was *bon seigneur*, making himself popular with the poor. And all the while he was the correspondent of kings and emperors, the great man for whom France was preparing such an ovation as she has never offered to any other man of his profession—the philosopher *par excellence* of a philosophical age. No doubt, he pleased him-

self in the multiplicity of his attributes, and was delighted to recognize the width and extended sympathies of his own being; one hour toiling for the exculpation of a supposed criminal; another, directing an intellectual assault upon the documents of religion, and destroying its proofs; another, writing to Catherine of Russia or the great Frederick. How great he must have felt himself in all these varieties! how manifold and full of many interests! There was no end to the things he could do, and no limit to the excellence of his work, whatever it might be. From destroying the Christian religion down to turning a witty sentence or polishing a verse, he felt himself equal for all.

His stories "*Candide*," "*Zadig*," "*L'Ingénu*," and the rest, would seem to have been produced in this most peaceful portion of his life. These books are the very perfection of cleverness. They are full, not so much of wit, as of derisive mockery, sometimes trenchant, sometimes gentle enough, but always mockery. Their usual subject is the weakness, the folly, the contradictoriness of man. There is no result apparently hoped for, no change thought possible, and yet they are not melancholy productions, but quite cheerful and light-hearted, as if misery, like everything else, was a joke, and the world too ridiculous for anything but laughter. It is impossible even to write such words as these without implying that there is something tragical at the bottom of the laughter, but there is no trace that Voltaire felt this. He laughs, or rather grins, quite freely at all that can possibly happen, and leaves *Candide* making the best of it at the end of his tremendous career, without any attempt to mend matters, or apparent feeling they ought to be mended. His heroes and heroines are mere puppets to him, at whom he laughs without caring what may happen. That harm should happen was only natural, but it was no fault of his. This is the curious position he assumes, and it is part of his entire philosophy—which never troubles itself about any result whatever, nor cares a straw what is to become of the world. He is free to destroy, but it never occurs to him to substitute anything for what he has destroyed. He himself wants nothing more, and why should any one else? It is in his stories that this aspect of his mind comes out most strongly, for it is so easy in a story to make everything go well, and put matters straight for the sufferer. He does this on the stage with a true sense of the necessities of that species of

composition, but the *Contes* were free from the sway of the unities, and from those dramatic laws which demand a distinct conclusion and balance of parts; and here he gives scope to his natural turn of mind. Many adventures, many lessons hardly learned, many losses and sufferings, and nothing either mastered or gained in the end. This is the fashion of the bubble which he throws up to show what he thinks of real life. What a ridiculous jumble it all is! he seems to say — what egregious pretences, what absurd mock gravity and solemn farcing! The absurdity makes him grin in derision. It gives him a certain pleasure to see how all the world make fools of themselves; but that is all: he requires no outlet out of this chaos, and offers none to his readers. For his part, he finds it amusing, and what can any one want more?

The last episode of triumph in his life is as well known as the Berlin chapter. It was in the year 1778 that he made his last famous visit to Paris. All was still peace in that fated city, though the tempests were gathering fast and dark. The whole population rose to welcome the old man, now over eighty, who was in his way a historical monument as well as an author more concerned in their education and training than any other living man. The living generation which thus arose and worshipped had been born and grown up under Voltaire's reign. Perhaps of all the Parisian crowds there were only a few shaky old men remaining like himself who knew that he had grown into reputation like others, and had not been born upon that pedestal which he had occupied for more than a lifetime. To the mass he had always been as a god, applauded or reviled, an object of enthusiasm or terror. All Paris filled the street, crowded under his window, stood for hours waiting to see him pass. They pressed even into his rooms, princes and great people penetrating there, while the small people had to keep outside. At the theatre he had a characteristic ovation; his last tragedy, "Irene," was played with an applause more directed to him than to it; and at the conclusion of the performance a grand spectacle was prepared on the stage, where all the actors surrounded and crowned his bust, some of them kissing it with wild enthusiasm, amid the frantic applauses of the people. A kind of hymn of adoration was addressed to him while the ceremony was going on: —

"Aux yeux de Paris enchanté,
Reçois en ce jour un hommage;

Que confirmera d'âge en âge

La sévère postérité.

Non, tu n'a pas besoin d'atteindre le noir
ravage,

Pour jouir les honneurs de l'immortalité!"

Going out from this intoxicating scene, the crowd opened to his feeble passage, leaving only room for him to pass. "Each disputed the honour of sustaining him a moment on the stairs; every step affording him a new arm to lean on; and no one was allowed to arrogate the right of supporting him too long." The crowd followed him home, shouting "Vive Voltaire! vive La Henriade! vive Mahomet! vive La Pucelle!" kissing and tearing, when they could manage it, shreds of his dress and the fur with which it was trimmed. "On veut me faire mourir du plaisir!" he cried. Another triumph was prepared for him at the Academy, where his portrait had been hung up above the seat of the Director, into which he was voted by acclamation. Franklin, philosopher like himself, brought his grandchild that he might receive Voltaire's blessing — a curious scrap of stolid, old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon amid all the finer language. Thus, in a shower of coloured lights, of bouquets, and applauses, the old actor made his bow to the world. Never had any man a more flattering dismissal. It was the best Paris had to give in the way of immortality, and it was freely bestowed.

Two months after he died; by way of making every thing comfortable with the Church, he went through the ceremony of confessing and receiving the last sacrament; and so, though not till after a great deal of trouble, got himself quietly buried. A good deal of contumely has been thrown upon a certain poor *curé* of St. Sulpice, whose suspicions touching the reality of this late submission were indeed very natural, and who thought it his duty to have some satisfaction out of the penitent — which really, unless the *curé* believed it a farce like Voltaire, it was his duty to do. Not long before, apparently out of mere *gaieté du cœur*, Voltaire had made a solemn communion at Ferney, and had even carried his grotesque joking so far as to ask for the appointment of temporal father to the order of Capucins, in the district of Gex — which bewildered Rome gave him. It was a farce to him, from beginning to end, this matter of religion, on which men in general kept up such a pother. It was easy to go through any ridiculous ceremonies that might be necessary when such child's-play was of any practical use. Nothing could more clearly exhibit the

great and strange want in Voltaire's nature, his incapacity to understand what is meant by religion, than this very fact. He could not so much as realize that anything which was to him so false and foolish, could to another be the profoundest of truths. This deficiency gave him the power, as we have already said, in one way, for it freed him from all scruples, and gave him the confidence of thorough conviction on his side. But it made him feeble on another. And Mr. Morley has most clearly, and with much eloquence and generous feeling, set forth this feebleness. The following passage, in which he indicates at once forcibly and gracefully, how and why it is that men, even of Voltaire's way of thinking in many important matters, find deeper sympathies and higher arguments in the writings of his adversaries, will give the reader an excellent idea of the nice insight—insight not always recognizable in the rest of the book—with which he treats this part of his subject:—

“This failure to rise to the highest ideas involved in the great debate explains, along with much besides, two striking facts connected with it. It explains the intense acerbity of the conflict, and the flaming depth of the chasm which divided and divides the two camps in France. For the best natures are most violently irritated and outraged by mocking and satiric attack upon the minor details, the accidents, the outside of the objects of faith, when they would have been affected in a very different way by a contrast between the loftiest parts of their own belief and the loftiest parts of some other belief. Many persons who would listen to a grave attack on the consistency, reasonableness, and elevation of the currently-ascribed attributes of the Godhead with something of the respect due to the profound solemnity of the subject, would turn with deaf and implacable resentment upon one who should make merry over the swine of Gadara.

“The same circumstance, secondly, explains the absence of permanent quality about all that Voltaire wrote upon religion. For instance, men who sympathize with him in his aims and even for their sake forgive him his method, who have long ago struck the tents under which they once found shelter in the land of belief, to whom Catholicism has become as extinct a thing as Mahometanism, even they will turn with better chance of edification to the great masters and teachers of the old faith than to the fiery precursor of the new; and why, if not for the reason that while he dealt mainly with the lower religious ideas or with the higher ideas in their lowest forms, they put these into the second place, and move with an inspiring exultation amid the loftiest and most general conceptions that fine imagination and a soaring reason could discover among the spirit-

ual treasures of their religion? They turned to the diviner mind and exercised themselves with the weightiest and most universal circumstances of the destiny of mankind. This is what makes their thought and eloquence of perpetual worth, because the circumstances with which they deal are perpetually present, and the elements of life and character to which they appeal perpetually operative. The awful law of death, the impenetrable secret of the first cause, the fierce play of passion and universal distribution of pain, the momentariness of guilt and eternity of remorse, the anguish of bereavement that chokes and rends, the hopeless inner desolation which is the unbroken lot of myriads of the forlorn of the earth,—these ghostly things ever laying siege to the soul were known to a Bossuet or a Pascal, and resolved by a series of ideas about the unknowable power and the government of the world, which are no longer the mighty weapons of exorcism they once were, but they are at any rate of due magnitude and proportion, sublime, solemn, never unworthy. We touch the hands of those who have walked with the most high, and they tell us many moving wonders; we look on faces that have shone in rays from the heaven of noble thoughts; we hear solemn and melodious words from men who received answers from oracles that to us are very mute, but the memory of whose power is still upon us. Hence the work of these glowing mortals lives even for those to whom their faith is dead, while the words that Voltaire wrote on religion are lifeless as the infamous which they so meritoriously slew. As we have said, he never knew the deeper things of Catholicism.”

Mr. Morley's book will interest those most who know most about his subject; for the ignorant it takes too much for granted; and it can scarcely be desired that it should stimulate the general reader into that immediate study of the works of Voltaire which would be necessary for a full appreciation of the service Mr. Morley has rendered him. These works are not for the age: whether we are better or worse than our forefathers, we are at heart different from them. We approach most things from a different point of view, and shape both our loves and our hatreds on different models. This being the case, however, it is profoundly curious to remember that, notwithstanding all that has come and gone, the unbelief of France still calls itself Voltairism; and that, strangely enough, in a country which has produced many new philosophies of doubt, the children of Voltaire are still spoken of, a kind of children of Israel, a typical tribe representing that great resistance to Christianity which has never yet been overcome, as it has never yet overcome the great antagonist whom it has so often

promised to slay. That this should be the case, and that in spite of all the better lights philosophy has gotten since, the most unspiritual, immoral, and irreligious movement which ever erected itself against the Christian faith, should be the one which has had the most success and lasted the longest, is a fact at once most remarkable and most instructive, demanding serious consideration at once from assailants and defenders. We have neither the time nor the skill to discuss so large a question; neither, for us who are on the side of what Voltaire called Superstition, does it so much matter. But to the other side, to the new champions who hope like him, though probably with less confidence, to destroy the Christian religion — to the pure Positivist, the gentle Comtist, the worshipper of humanity, this thought, it seems to us, must be somewhat appalling. His mocking spirit is not more congenial to their reverential frame of mind than to ours, and his morality is as objectionable. On this side of the field we do not much need to concern ourselves about the matter, but to them it cannot be an agreeable thought.

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

"This sea that bars her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgather'd now like sleeping flowers—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not."

WORDSWORTH.

I took up my knife and fork and began to eat in a dream of delight and gratitude that became sweeter every moment. My uncle had never looked so kind and venerable, the cabin seemed a gorgeous place, the taste of the meat was delicious — never had I eaten such salad! The rush of the water was music, the voices of the sailors overhead, their footsteps, and all the sounds in the vessel, came back to my recollection like the poetry of life, waking up after a long sleep, and my heart danced for joy at this sudden return to home and freedom.

Brand, the steward, came in with a large jam roll, that favourite sea pudding.

"Brand," said Uncle Rollin, "Miss Graham has run away from school."

The steward looked surprised, and answered gravely, "Very well, sir."

"She's come aboard with no outfit,"

continued Uncle Rollin; "you must go and fetch her books, and clothes, and all her other stores."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the steward.

"Man the jolly boat, and set off as soon as may be."

Uncle Rollin then began to eat his pudding, as if he intended to give no further orders, but though Brand knew this was no time to ask questions, he did not proceed to act, but stood quietly by till my uncle had finished his pudding. I then said to him,

"Will you send a note, uncle, or some directions?"

"I'll send a cheque," he replied; "the rest you must manage. Fetch your wife, Brand."

No sooner said than done — enter steward with his wife. Uncle Rollin was cutting a piece of cheese, and without looking up he said, "Brand and Mrs. Brand."

"Yes, sir," said the wife, answering for both.

"Miss Graham is come on board for good."

"Glad to hear it, sir, I am sure; and hope you find yourself pretty well, miss," said Mrs. Brand, though she had seen me before.

"Miss Graham's orders in the vessel are to be obeyed like my own," he continued, "in all matters that concern her. There now, for goodness' sake, arrange the matter for yourself, Dorothea, and, Brand, give me a glass of stout."

He evidently did not mean to say another word, and I, blushing up to the eyes, could not make up my mind to give orders before him, so I said to Mrs. Brand that after dinner I would come and consult with her what had better be done, and she curtseyed and withdrew. When dinner was over and we were alone, Uncle Rollin took out his purse, and without a word of preparation said to me,

"I mean to allow you thirty pounds a year for your clothes, as I did your mother before you."

While I was trying to thank him with something like the gratitude I felt, he counted out seven pounds ten shillings, rung the money on the table, as if to prove that it was good, and said, "There is your first quarter's allowance."

I should like to have kissed him, and perhaps the expression of my face when he rose from the table made him think I wished for something more, for he stopped when he had nearly reached the door, and said with a sigh and a little impatience of manner, "You will have the same accom-

modation as before, and no one is to enter your cabin without your permission. Have you anything to say? because if so, I wish to hear it at once, and have done with it."

Something in his manner pained me keenly: it was that of a man who was yielding to what he considered a disagreeable necessity, the nature of which was dawning on him and depressing his spirits.

He stood waiting for me to speak, with his head turned a little over his shoulder, and sighed again; so I uttered my thought.

"Among other things, I wanted to ask, uncle, whether you had always intended me to live on board with you, or whether you had been surprised into consenting to it by what has happened to-day."

"What put that into your head?" he asked.

"Mrs. Bell has often told me I could not expect it of you."

"Ah, well, she has frequently written to me, when I have hinted at taking you away, that this was not a fit place for a lady. Quite right; and a trouble,—that's true; but trouble is the lot of man."

So Mrs. Bell had been the cause of my staying away so long. How that newly-discovered fact altered all my feelings towards her and towards my uncle! At that early stage of the discussion I had my wits about me, and could be cautious; so I answered—

"It is natural that you should expect my being at sea with you to be a trouble. I do not doubt that it will be; and if you do not mind telling me whether you have always intended it, I should like to know."

"Well," he said, and hummed and hesitated a little, "I had *not* intended it."

Still he held the door-handle, and stood with his back to me.

"Then, uncle, why have you changed your mind?"

Upon this he turned towards me, as if trying to find the reason.

"Upon my word," he said, "I hardly know."

"Then perhaps it is not permanently changed?" I inquired.

"I am not used to be questioned in this way. Permanently,—permanently! How should I know whether I have changed it permanently?"

"Uncle, that is the same thing as saying that you have yielded to circumstances, and changed it only for the time being, to save trouble, and because you did not know what else to do with me."

"Pooh, child, I don't mind you. I was always fond of children."

"I am a woman now,—a grown-up woman."

"You will always be a very little one," he answered, with a kind smile.

"Yes, but that will not interfere with my earning my own living."

"What do you mean?"

"Uncle, you have taken care that I should have an excellent education, and as a teacher I can easily earn my living. So, if that is to be my lot,—as Mrs. Bell often hinted as probable,—and if you only take me on board for the present, knowing that it will interfere with your comfort to retain me, and intending to place me in a situation, I want to be prepared, and then when the time comes I shall not be so much disappointed."

"Gratuitous—all gratuitous suppositions," he answered. "Women, I suppose, always have a great flow of words; but I wish you were not in such a hurry to pour them all out at once. Let me see: you want to know whether I intend you to earn your bread. I do not intend it, while I live or after I am dead. Now, what else? Oh, whether I meant you to live on board. 'No' to that. I meant to board you in some good family ashore, where you could live like other girls, go into society, and have some motherly woman to look after you. There, my plan was a vast deal better for you than living here with nobody to speak to but me and your brother, who does not want you, I can tell you. You might live so with every comfort."

"And never see Tom, and never see you?"

"What do you want to see me for? Do you mean to say that you should be better pleased to stay here?"

"Pleased, uncle! Why the hope of staying only for a time makes me happier than I have ever been in my life."

"Yes, I really believe it does."

"Do you think I have no affection for you?" I exclaimed, shocked at his surprise that I should want to be with him.

A sort of contentment and pleasure stole over his face that was comforting to see, but he answered, "I don't know why you should have. People give love for love and not for money."

This was a very uncompromising way of letting me know he felt no love for me.

It took me by surprise: in spite of myself I felt choked, and tears would run down my cheeks. I forgot myself, and said, sobbing, "People don't always give love for love,—sometimes they give it

for nothing." Ridiculous speech! as if I had not seen the pleasure that had stolen over his face a few minutes before: but I felt as if my sheet anchor had given way, and my chief reason for longing to be with him was gone.

He replied, roughly, "Don't you give it for nothing," and I answered, sobbing,

"I must—I would much rather give it for nothing than not give it at all."

"You look too much like a child, and you talk too much like a woman," he replied.

"I hate these discussions. What! did I think of you all those years? not at all; but I like you well enough now. And as to my money, I gave that to get rid of you when you were a puling child. You are not wise. Take things as you find them. Don't sob so. There."

He came up to me as I stood trying to check my crying fit, and gave me a kiss on the forehead. He seemed to have forgotten his intention of going on deck; and when I had dried my eyes, and could look at him, I saw that his kind, handsome old face looked pleased and glad, till stopping short, he said, "I was not alluding to myself, in particular, when I advised you not to bestow your regard for nothing."

"No, uncle," I answered, forgetting myself, "and what reason is there that I should?"

"The child veers round like the wind."

Still he looked at me, and his countenance seemed to show dawning affection and pleasure. "Come here," he said; and encouraged by his manner, I came and put my arms round his neck.

"Well, well," he said, as if speaking to himself: "a man must take things as he finds them. I bring up a girl at school, and she comes on board and cries, and says she loves me. Women are strange creatures; must not be hardly dealt with. And so, after all, you don't mean to love me for nothing."

What was the use of arguing with him, and proving that this was impossible? because I already owed him all the love and duty in the world. I answered instead, "No, uncle, for you know you are going to love me in return."

"Well, that's one way of settling the matter, certainly," he said, surprised into a laugh.

"So you want to stop on board with me?" he continued when he had resumed his seat.

"Yes, if you please."

"Well, I suppose I do please; and if you give a little trouble I don't care, provided there are no scenes. This one is to

be the first and last. I hate demonstrations and speeches."

"I may kiss you if you go away for a few days?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"I don't want to make any other demonstrations, nor any speeches about your having provided for me, and how grateful I feel, and how I hope to be a daughter to you in your old age. I shall keep all that to myself. I know it will be undutiful to mention it, though of course I shall feel it all the same."

"You call this keeping it to yourself, do you? You are the strangest creature I ever saw—not in the least to look at like the shrewd young woman you evidently are."

"Yes, I know I am plain."

"Not at all; I don't see that you are plain, though certainly you are no beauty. But you contrive to say and do what you please, in spite of me, and even while telling me you don't intend it. Now, I won't have any more of that; you have said your say once. Let me have no more talk of gratitude."

"Very well, uncle."

"Very well, uncle!" he repeated. "No; I never did see anything so demure in my life! When I am in the humour for it, and when we are alone," was his next speech, "I don't mind a little nonsense, now and then."

By nonsense I knew he meant any sort of evidence by word or act that affection was felt for him. For the rest, I saw he was gratified at my audacity in daring to thank him for his long goodness; and I did not say, "How shall I find out when you are in the humour?" for never was there a man whose character and whose wishes were more easily understood.

The golden sunshine lay softly on the water, and the tide had turned, when I remembered that I ought to go and give directions about my possessions.

Uncle Rollin wrote a cheque and a note, in which he enclosed it. I asked, not without trepidation, whether I was to write also; but the time was gone by, I found, when others would be responsible for my actions, and I was told to do as I pleased. So I knew I ought to write, and I did.

If the recollection of Uncle Rollin's words had not been fresh in my heart, if he had not told me that Mrs. Bell had frequently written to dissuade him from taking me away, I could have made it a grateful letter, for I was so happy, and so much

inclined to see even school life in the best light. But now, in spite of the knowledge that my long residence, and the liberal pay given with me, were very important to her, providing her with one permanent pupil and good profit, I could not write gratefully; so I wrote humbly, and only at the end ventured to thank her for the excellent masters she had given me.

The letter was most polite and very full of apology. I said, truly enough, that I had not been aware in the morning of my uncle's intentions respecting me, and I expressed regret that I had not been able to take leave of her, and the masters, and my fellow-pupils.

I went and found Mrs. Brand, gave her the letter and the note, asked her to go in the boat to Ipswich, and offer to help in packing my possessions, and also to buy me a railway wrapper and a sun-shade, commonly called an ugly.

She was delighted with the commission, and to describe my happiness when I came on deck and saw the polished expanse of water, the green wooded banks, the distant sea, and all the loveliness of the sky, would be impossible.

Uncle Rollin was slowly pacing the deck with his cigar. I sat looking about me in all the bliss of newly-found freedom, till the sun went down in a bank of ruddy cloud, and the white moon rose, and shone, or was lost again behind the sails of brigs and schooners, as they came slowly past us; then the "Curlew" herself began to give forth light from numberless little bits of glass, hardly noticed by day. From the chief cabin, alias the saloon, streamed forth warm rays, while from the cliffs on the right, two light-houses continually gleamed and waned again.

At last clouds came over the moon, and it became so dark that I only heard, not saw, the calm water washing against the vessel's side.

There is nothing more delightful than to sit, as I sat there, on a balmy summer night, and hear the noises on the shore, see lighted houses, hear cattle lowing, and feel the peaceful isolation of the vessel. How strangely soon the heart accustoms itself to happiness! I did not feel my new position at all a difficult one. I, who in the morning was a humble school-girl, looking to the eye of Mrs. Bell for direction, and dreading the least disapproval, sitting in the prescribed attitude, and eating, contrary to my wish, the prescribed quantity of bread-and-butter, — was now in the evening, a young lady, with servants at

my command, my time at my disposal, an indulgent uncle, a brother coming soon, a cheerful home, adventures before me; and yet my heart had expanded in a moment, my spirit had sprung forth to meet these new hopes, and this position, so that it seemed a natural one. All those years of constraint had not depressed me, and as I sat listening and looking, I repeated constantly to myself that now it would certainly be my own fault if I was not happy. Ah, what did I mean by that word happy? not what I mean now, or my thought was wrong; but assuredly, so far as that I meant the reverse of wretched, discontented, listless, and incapable of rejoicing, I was right.

This seemed a great event in my life. I prayed that God would make it as much for my good as it certainly was for my pleasure, and I thought long and earnestly about the subject of a sermon that, singularly enough, I had heard the Sunday before: it was on discipline. I had thought at the time of the long discipline of school that I was subject to, and wished it was over; but now I felt for the first time some meaning in that familiar phrase, "The discipline of life." The outward discipline of school was indeed over, and the mystery hitherto unknown, *life* in its fullest meaning, and the discipline of life, were to begin.

I was so exultant, so exquisitely happy, that after a while came a reaction, and I was afraid — a sort of vague fear that such a blissful hour would not often revisit me took possession of my mind, and I listened to the far-off break of the waves, and the slipping of river-water past me to swell them, with a consciousness that, literally as well as metaphorically, my life had been passed with the quiet river, and now I was to go forth upon the changeful sea.

At last my uncle paced by me, humming a tune; and I felt that now my hardly-earned musical knowledge would be of some use. I could at least sing correctly, though my voice was not at all powerful, so as he passed near, I took up the tune rather in a low voice, to see whether it would be agreeable to him. He stopped, evidently listening; I went on, and he began to beat time softly. When I had done he said, but not as if addressing me, "Yes, yes, a piano must be got for her. The girl will be lost without one." And he went on with his walk, singing more loudly than before.

After the labour and the money that had been expended on my music, I was glad to find that he did not mean it never

to be of use to him, for he loved music, and it was the only thing he had made a point of in my education, excepting religious instruction.

Brand and Mrs. Brand did not come that night, so at last I went to bed, went to my berth, which I was surprised to find ready for me, and also to observe that other berths were made up with snow-white sheets and counterpanes.

I asked my uncle in the morning why this was. He replied that Tom had intended to bring Mr. and Mrs. Mompesson on board, with two of their children, but that they had persuaded him to spend a short time with them first. And now they would not come for some weeks. My heart leaped for joy. All sorts of delightful things were happening together, and now also seemed to be a convenient time for asking some questions respecting my father and Amy, things that I had longed to know for years.

They were going on as usual, said Uncle Rollin; nothing particular had happened.

"Then would they soon come home?"

"No, child, the debts are not half paid, though they live with all economy."

I asked, since my father was never extravagant, how he happened to get into debt.

"Child, he was security for a rascal who made off with ten thousand pounds. It is better you should know nothing about that, if your mother did not tell you."

"She never said a word about it."

"She was a good woman. I have helped them; they gave up everything, and what could they do more?"

"And is my father paying any of this money now?"

"Don't see how that is possible, but he seems contented."

"I have often, particularly the last few months, been very anxious to hear something more about mamma's death."

"I should not have thought you would have remembered her; you were young when she gave you to me. I hope hearing so little has not weighed on your mind."

"It never did till lately, — indeed, not till the last half year. I am a woman now, and did not like to know nothing about my nearest relations."

"Well, well," he said calmly and dispassionately, "your father will not get on there. I don't expect it. I have lent him money which I never mean to ask for; but your mother was no manager. As for your father, I respect him, but he has mistaken his vocation; he is not fit for a bush life. However, he seems well enough

pleased with Australia — would not come back, he says, on any account. Amy is a fine girl, I understand, and has had an offer."

The first part of this speech pained me, but the latter part was astounding! While I had been practising my music at school, my little sister, my younger sister, had actually been sought in marriage. Uncle Rollin was not in the humour to talk more, so I went to my peculiar domain, shut the door, and sat down to think. I shall not record all my thoughts: some I must. I looked at myself in the glass, and wondered what Tom would think of me, and what other people would think, and I dressed my hair several different ways, in order, if possible, to add a year or two to my apparent age — but in any style I could not make myself look more than fifteen, or at least, as I fondly hoped, sixteen.

Amy had had an offer; she clearly looked like a woman then. I did not yet. At school it had not seemed to matter what I was like; now, it certainly did. My height was five feet three inches — not so very short; but then, as Mrs. Bell had often said, I had the effect of being small. I was considered to be a little creature, and it is of no use to argue against people's impressions concerning one. I was too slender and girlish in figure to pass for a woman. Still I hoped Tom would think me tolerable. My large eyes I knew were not handsome in colour; it was hard to say whether they were brown or a greenish grey, — they looked black by candlelight. Then my hair, there was plenty of it, but it wanted richness of colour; it was light, but not yellow enough to please me. I felt, in fact, that I was insignificant.

I had scarcely finished my scrutiny when Mrs. Brand appeared, and presently my boxes were placed on the floor. Mrs. Brand had not seen the lady, but had heard a voice by which she judged that the lady was *"in a way."* The voice had said, "Oh dear, no — tell the woman there is no message whatever."

"So the next morning," said Mrs. Brand, "I called, according to orders, Brand and me with a cart. Some boxes stood in a front court before the house, and a housemaid opened a window up-stairs, and said we were to take them away."

I had been dreading a letter; so this silence, which was intended to intimate displeasure too great for words, proved a delightful relief to me.

Mrs. Brand unpacked my boxes, lingering over them, as if to have something to

do was a treat not to be appreciated unless it was long drawn out.

She said none of my gowns excepting the best would stand sea air, and hinted that if I would go on shore the next day and buy material for dresses, she could make them, for she had seen the fashion book open in a milliner's window at Ipswich.

She specified exactly what she wished me to have, namely, a brown holland dress, trimmed with broad braid. I said she might buy it for me at Harwich, and joy thereupon lighted up her handsome features.

She said it was probable that Tom might come on board that morning, and my spirits were thrown into a flutter at the news; my first thought was to make myself look as well as I could, and I donned my best dress, a neat dark blue silk. I also put on my lace collar and sleeves, and my little gold brooch with Tom's hair in it, and while I was considering whether an impartial stranger would pronounce me to be a young woman or consider me a child, she was called away, and I sat down and felt how foolish I was to have thought that appearance would influence one's brother to care more or less for a sister, yet in spite of the reflection, I took out a little ring that my brother had sent me, and added it to my adornments.

As I drew the ring on to my finger, suddenly I heard a voice that thrilled me to my very heart. "What is it that you call *leeway*?" said the voice. I held my breath; two persons were descending. The second answered, "Oh, it is caused by the pressure of the wind on the weather side of a vessel. In consequence of which, though her head may be at a certain point of the compass, the true course made will be half a point, or a point to leeward of that, according to circumstances."

I did not know the second voice, but the first was the long-lost music of childhood awakened for me again.

"Ah, I see," it answered; "on the lee side she has only the pressure of the water, but on the weather side there is the pressure both of water and of wind."

They had reached the last step, and I could not move from the glass before which I was standing. I heard Uncle Rollin meet them; my name was mentioned, and two gentlemen entered my open door.

In a whirl of confused joy and trepidation, I came to meet them, and at the first glance both seemed to be strangers. One stood back, the other smiled; this

smile was all that was left of Mr. Mompesson.

I saw a stout man with grey hair, and a somewhat careworn face. He actually introduced himself, as if he thought I had forgotten his existence. "I am glad to see you," he said, kindly taking my hand. "You and I were great friends some years ago, but you are grown out of my knowledge, as I have passed from your memory." I had not time to contradict him, a young man stood by who was looking at me. Could it be Tom? Yes, it certainly was, for he kissed me, and then we mutually drew back and looked at each other.

What he saw he told me frankly enough afterwards. I saw a strongly-built young man with heavy features, a massive forehead, and a peculiarly dark complexion, which made his grey eyes look altogether too light to be in keeping with his general hue and his curly brown hair.

But these eyes were very strange ones, they were so piercing, so bright, and so intellectual, that the words clear, sparkling, brilliant, or any other words usually applied to eyes, would not describe them at all: their lustre seemed to shoot out from within, and, in short, they reminded me of a cat's eye seen in the dusk.

Mr. Mompesson was still holding my hand when Tom kissed me, and I felt more at ease with him than with my brother, partly, no doubt, because less depended on his being pleased with me, partly because Tom was not in the least the kind of person whom I had expected to see. He had plain features, but I admired the striking peculiarity of his eyes, the air with which he held his head, and the sensitive changefulness of his expression.

He was no more at ease than myself, and soon took Mr. Mompesson away to show him the vessel, at the same time inviting me to put on my hat and follow them. Instead of that I sat down on the settee, which, as of old, ran round the cabin in front of the berths, and covered my eyes with my hands, listening in my heart to the old voice that I had loved so much, and thinking over this new brother, who had scarcely a trace about him of the well-remembered past.

We dined at four. The dinner was rather uncomfortable, for Tom and I could not possibly help looking at one another, and Uncle Rollin would talk to Mr. Mompesson about navigation, a subject that he evidently did not in the least understand. I knew that he would rather talk to Tom, so I tried to release him by directing my uncle's learned remarks to myself. Navi-

gation was his hobby — the only subject on which he was always willing to discourse when he had been asked a question about it, and this Mr. Mompesson had rashly done.

He happened to be saying that it was a very common thing to load a vessel so that her keel was lower abaft. Mr. Mompesson looked as if he did not know what this information meant; no more did I, but, bent on releasing him, I boldly asked my uncle why?

He looked both surprised and gratified, and no doubt thought I had been an intelligent listener to the previous remarks; so he proceeded to tell me that this mode of loading, by raising part of the bow out of the water, diminished the gripe of the ship forward.

Tom and Mr. Mompesson were now talking together, and as I did not in the least understand what he meant by *gripe*, I only answered, "Oh," as if satisfied; but he would go on, explaining that thus it improved her steerage.

"I will give you a reason," he continued, "for trimming a ship more by the stern: — suppose she carries too much weather helm, that is, she comes up to the wind too much; in such a case you put more weights aft."

I had a very hazy notion of what he meant, but no doubt he thought he was making his meaning plain, for he presently went on to tell me that thus by making the bows lighter, the headsails had increased power of keeping her off the wind; "also as *I might easily see*, it diminished the strain on the rudder."

Easily see it, indeed! I saw nothing of the kind.

"What is a headsail?" I next asked; and Uncle Rollin and Brand, who was waiting at table, both looked at me with surprise. Tom, however, came to the rescue by saying, "We call all sails hoisted on the bowsprit *headsails*." Tom and Mr. Mompesson then began to talk again but Uncle Rollin sat gravely silent, and I am afraid matters were made worse by my exclaiming, with ill-timed exultation, "Well, I now know *something*."

"Little enough," he answered gruffly, and almost with a surly tone.

It was especially unlucky for me that this sea talk should have come up during the first days of my sojourn on board; for, as a rule, they did not indulge in it, and I have often been on board when for a week together I should hardly have known by their conversation that we were not on shore.

After this bad beginning, however, I said that if he pleased I should be very glad to learn something about the uses of different sails, and, in short, to learn something of the elements of navigation; whereupon his brow cleared, and he replied that he thought it highly desirable. Still I could see that either my ignorance or my apparent curiosity had offended him, and he did not quite recover his good humour while I stayed at the table, which was not long after the cloth was withdrawn.

It was such a lovely evening that I put on my hat and took my work-box on deck with me. I had not been sitting there long when Uncle Rollin came and stood before me. It was about six o'clock, and the tide was coming in.

"If you are so fond of navigation," he observed, rather gruffly, "it is a strange thing that you did not learn something of it at school. I never denied you masters for anything you had a fancy for."

I was certain that he would find out the truth if I did not forthwith tell it, so no particular courage was displayed in my reply —

"I am not at all fond of navigation. I can't bear it."

"Then why do you want to learn?"

"Why, uncle, partly to please you."

"Humph! do you expect me to teach it you after telling me that?"

"Oh yes, for I was obliged to tell you, because you asked me."

"So you think I take pleasure in making people do what they can't bear?"

"No, but I have no right to dislike navigation, and I am certainly going to like it. I always do like things when I have learned them a little while."

"I shall not teach it you."

"Then, uncle, will you be so kind as to show me the proper books, that I may learn it by myself?"

"Pooh!"

"Besides, there is another thing that I did not think of at first. I see that learning navigation will be necessary for me, or when Tom and you are talking together I shall not understand what you say."

"I don't see that it is so necessary, not so *particularly* necessary, for a girl to learn navigation; but if you must learn it — ahem — if you are bent on learning it —"

"Oh yes, I certainly shall."

"Well, I will see about it. If you must learn you must have a teacher, and in that

case I should not mind instructing you. I taught Tom — a very apt scholar he was; it seemed no trouble to him, and I daresay you will learn as well as he did, for you are quite as queer."

"Am I queer? do you really think so, uncle?"

"Yes, really and truly, I think you are the queerest little girl I ever saw; but you need not look so grave, for you don't care about it."

"Yes, I care a little."

"But you are very well dressed to-day. I should like to see you always well dressed. Nonsense, child! never mind what I said."

"I don't mind *your* thinking me queer, uncle, because you care for me."

"Oh, I do, do I?"

"Of course; we agreed about that yesterday. But it will be very awkward for me if people think so who do not like me."

"What will happen then?"

"Oh, I suppose they will not wish for my acquaintance; not choose to talk to me; overlook me, and forget me."

Uncle Rollin had seemed amused and pleased during our discourse; once or twice he had laughed, and though it was at me, I liked it: there was something cordial in it, and he said I was queer in a way which showed that quality to be what he liked in me. But to this last remark he made a reply which was so different from anything I should have expected of him, that I could hardly believe what I heard.

"You are very much mistaken," were his words; "there are some little women that are insignificant, and nobody takes the least notice of them. They are not big enough to be handsome; they are not witty nor clever, and so they get overlooked. Nobody falls in love with them, and nobody dislikes them. That sort of thing won't happen to you, because, as I tell you, you are a queer little girl to talk to. You say different things from other people, and you say them in an odd kind of way. You will not be overlooked, child, but always either loved or disliked. I don't consider you near so plain as Tom, though rather like him about the eyes and eyebrows."

Then my uncle ceased, and I was so much surprised, not so much at what he said, as at his saying it, that I had no answer ready, and kept reflecting on the singular way in which I had been mistaken about him. I wondered whether he ever at long intervals made such speeches to other people, and whether he would often

talk thus to me. I thought to myself that if a character in a book, which had been drawn like my former notions of him, had suddenly been made to utter the above thoughts I should have considered the said book to be out of keeping, and false to nature; for nothing was more surprising to me than to perceive that he speculated on human character, and noticed the effect of different peculiarities.

I did not see Mr. Mompesson again till it was nearly dusk, when he came on deck with Tom, and began, as I had hoped he would, to talk of old times.

But, alas! we were to sail at high tide, which was shortly after eight o'clock. We had scarcely got under weigh when I began to feel ill, and when we reached the "rolling ground," I was obliged to go below, and lie down in my berth. Mrs. Brand was sure I should be much better on deck, but I instinctively hid myself and my miseries lest this sickness should interfere with my prospects and induce my uncle and brother to send me ashore again.

We were to put Mr. Mompesson on shore at Lulworth cove, and after that we were bound for the west coast of Ireland. If the weather promised well we should not leave the yacht, Mrs. Brand told me; but if not, we should land, make the journey through England, crossing to Dublin and going through Ireland at our leisure, while a man, who was called the captain of the yacht, brought her round to Valencia.

"Then I hope it will blow a gale," I said, for I sorely longed to land.

"No, ma'am," she answered, "the best thing will be to get used to wind and rough weather; at least, if you wish to sail with Mr. Graham."

So I endured as well as I could, and was right glad when we reached our destination, but I only got on deck a few minutes before Mr. Mompesson landed.

"Is the weather likely to be fine?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "splendid."

I could not forbear a sigh; but, on the other hand, it was a consolation to know that after our cruise on the west coast of Ireland, the Mompessons with all the children were to come on board for a month. They were all good sailors, and were to have my cabin, which was already fitted up for them with six berths. I was to have a pretty little state-room, and I thought I should surely be well by that time and enjoy their company.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A VOYAGE TO THE SUN.

[ALTHOUGH the following narrative is related in the first person, it is not to be understood that the account was actually written by the voyager. The writer of these introductory lines does not deem it desirable to particularize the manner in which this account has reached him. For the present, at least, he prefers to leave the reader to guess whether (like Cardan) the voyager who is responsible for the principal facts, saw, in a vision, what is here described; or whether, "the interiors of the spirit" were "opened in him," as chanced to Swedenborg, so that he could "converse with spirits, not only those near our earth, but with those also who are near other orbs;" or whether, like the author of the "*Neue Reisen in den Mond, in die Sonne, &c.*," he obtained his information through the agency of *clairvoyance*; or, lastly, whether spiritualistic communications from departed astronomers are here in question. According to the ideas which the readers of these lines may severally entertain respecting the manner in which such facts as are here described may have come to our knowledge, they will doubtless decide for themselves among these explanations, and others which may, for aught we know, be available. Nay, there may even be some who may be disposed to regard the whole of what follows as a mere effort of imagination. For our own part we must be content to present, without comment or explanation, the information which has reached us; there are, indeed, some circumstances in the account which we could not explain if we would. It will be noticed that from time to time the narrator refers to explanatory communications having reference to the real nature of the voyage. These communications belong to the details which we do not desire to enter upon at present.]

Our voyage commenced shortly before noon on January 9, of the year 1872. As we started from the central part of London—or, to be more particular, from the rooms of the Astronomical Society in Somerset House,—our course was directed, in the first instance, towards a part of the sky lying southwards, and some sixteen degrees above the horizon. From what I have already told you, you will understand that the earth's attraction did not in the least interfere with our progress. But atmospheric resistance was not altogether so imperceptible; and from time to time, notwithstanding our familiarity with all the astronomical details of our journey,—and X's special mastery of the laws to which we were to trust,—we

found considerable inconvenience from the loaded state of the lower atmospheric strata. Although we were no longer subject to any physical inconveniences (indeed, our enterprise would otherwise have been impracticable), and although our powers of perception were greatly enhanced, yet the very circumstances which enabled us to exercise powers corresponding to those of the common senses, rendered the veil of mist and fog which surrounded us on all sides, as impenetrable to our vision (to use this word for want of a better) as to the eyesight of the Londoner.

Presently, however, we rose into a purer atmosphere. The sun,—the end and aim of our journey,—was seen in a clear sky, while below us the vast mass of cloud and fog which hung over London appeared like a wide sea, shining brilliantly under the sun's rays and effectually concealing the great city from our view.

Our flight was now very rapid, and each moment becoming more so, as we reached rarer and rarer regions of the upper air. We noticed that the noise and hubbub of London seemed rapidly to subside into what appeared to us at the time as almost perfect stillness. And in passing I may confirm what Glaisher has said respecting the voices which are heard to the greatest distance. For the shrill tones of women and children were heard from time to time, when the loudest tones of the male voice were altogether beyond our hearing. The sounds which we heard latest of all, however, were the occasional shrieks of railway-whistles, and (quite unexpectedly) a peculiarly shrill note produced by the beating of the sea-waves on the shore, which I do not remember to have observed under other circumstances. We noticed this as our onward course carried us past (though far above) the waters of the British Channel.

I forbear to speak of the aspect presented by the earth as our distance gradually increased; though, for my own part, my attention (at this part of our progress) was directed far more closely to the planet we were leaving than to the orb which we proposed to visit. X., on the other hand, absorbed (as you will readily believe) in the anticipation of the revelations about to be made respecting the sun, directed his sole attention to the contemplation of that luminary. Y., who accompanied us (as I have already informed you), rather *en amateur* that because of any profound interest which he takes in scientific investigations, appeared to be too much per-

plexed by the unexpected appearance of all the objects now in view to attend to any special features of the scene. He was in particular surprised at the rapidly increasing darkness of the sky in all directions except where the sun's intense lustre still lit up a small circle of air all round his orb. Long before we had reached the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere the stars began to shine at least as brilliantly as in ordinary moonlight; and when certain signs recognized by X. showed that we were very near the limits of the air, the stars were shining as splendidly all around as on the darkest and clearest night. At this time X. asked us to turn our attention to those parts of the sky which were most remote from the sun, in order that when we were actually beyond the terrestrial atmosphere, we might see at once the full glory of a scene which he had been contemplating for some time with unutterable wonder. I am therefore, unable from my own experience to describe how the effects of atmospheric illumination in concealing the real splendour of the regions closely surrounding the sun had gradually diminished as we rose into rarer and yet rarer strata.

But while we were preparing for the surprise which X. had promised, a surprise of another kind awaited all of us. It had become clear that although the tenuity of the air through which we were now passing was almost infinitely greater than the gaseous rarity produced in any experimental researches undertaken by men, we were yet approaching a definite boundary of the terrestrial atmosphere. None of us were prepared for the effects which were produced when that boundary was crossed. On a sudden the darkness of the heavens all round us increased a myriadfold, insomuch that the darkness of the blackest night seemed like midday by comparison. Yet I speak here only of the blackness of the background on which the stars were shown; for the light of the stars as suddenly increased in an equal degree, while thousands of thousands of stars not before seen in a moment leapt into view (I can use no other expression). The familiar constellations were there, but they seemed lost in the splendour of a thousand more wonderful constellations hitherto unrevealed, except ("as through a glass and darkly") to the telescopist. Each star of all these unnumbered thousands shone with its proper splendour, and yet each, as respects size, seemed to be the merest point of light. It would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the

amazing beauty of the spectacle thus presented, or the infinite complexity of structure seen amidst the star-depths. We stayed for a while entranced by the sublime picture suddenly disclosed to us; and it was with difficulty that X. (even more enthusiastic, you remember, as a student of the stars than as one of our modern sun-worshippers) could be withdrawn from the contemplation of the wonderful display.

One other circumstance I must mention before describing the scene which we witnessed when the sun and sun-surrounding regions became the object of our study. I have spoken above of the silence which prevailed around us after we had reached a certain height above the earth. To our infinite amazement, we found, as we passed the limit of the atmosphere, that what we had regarded as silence,—nay, as an almost oppressive silence,—was only silence by comparison with the noise and tumult lower down. A sudden change from the uproar of the fiercest battle to the stillness of the desert could not surpass in its effects the change which we experienced as we passed through the impassable boundary of the earth's atmospheric envelope. What had seemed to us like an oppressive silence appeared now by contrast, as the roar of a storm-beaten sea. We experienced for the first time the effects of absolute stillness. It is certain that Pythagoras was right when he spoke of the tumult which, in reality, surrounds us, though,

Whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Yet as to the harmony of the spheres, he was mistaken; for, even when the unnoticed but ever present mundane noises suddenly ceased, as we passed the limit of the earth's airy vesture, no sound betrayed the swift rush of the planets on their course around the sun. We were still close to the earth, the desert of Sahara lying now vertically beneath us at a distance of rather more than 500 miles, yet her onward rush at the rate of more than eighteen miles per second produced no sound which could be perceived, even amid the intense silence—the *black silence*, as X. called it—of interplanetary space.

And now, how shall I fitly describe the scene which was revealed to us as we directed our attention towards the sun. He was scarcely nearer to us—at least, not perceptibly nearer—than as commonly seen, and yet his aspect was altogether

new. His orb was more brilliantly white than it appears when seen through the air, but a close scrutiny revealed a diminution of brilliancy towards the edge of his disc, which, when fully recognized, presented him at once as the globe he really is. On this globe we could already distinguish the spots and those, bright streaks which astronomers call *faculae*. But it was not the aspect of his globe which attracted our wondering attention. We saw that globe surrounded with the most amazingly complex halo of glory. Close around the bright whiteness of the disc, — and shining far more beautiful, by contrast with that whiteness, than as seen against the black disc of the moon in total eclipses, — stood the coloured region called the chromosphere; *not red*, as we had expected to see it, but gleaming with a mixed lustre of pink and green, through which, from time to time, passed the most startlingly brilliant coruscations of orange and golden yellow light. Above this delicate circle of colour towered three tall prominences and upwards of thirty smaller ones. These, like the chromosphere, were not red, but beautifully variegated. We observed, however, that in parts of the prominences colours appeared which were not seen in the chromosphere — more particularly certain blue and purple points of light, which were charmingly contrasted with the orange and yellow flashes continually passing along the whole length of even the loftiest of these amazing objects. It was, however, worthy of notice that the prominences round different parts of the sun's orb presented very different appearances; for those near the sun's equatorial zone and opposite his polar regions differed very little in their colour and degree of light from the chromosphere. They also presented shapes reminding us rather of clouds moving in a perturbed atmosphere, than of those tremendous processes of disturbance which astronomers have lately shown to be in progress in the sun. But opposite the spot zones, which were already unmistakably recognizable, the prominences presented a totally different appearance. They resembled jets of molten matter, intensely bright, and seemingly moving with immense velocity. One or two formed and vanished with amazing rapidity, as when in terrestrial conflagrations a flame leaps suddenly to a great height and presently disappears. Indeed, the whole extent of the two spot zones, so far as we could judge from our view of the region outside the bright solar disc, seemed to be in a

state of intense electrical disturbance, since the illumination of the solar atmosphere above and around these zones appeared not only brighter than elsewhere, but was here subject also to continual changes of brightness. These changes, viewed from our great distance, did not, indeed, seem very rapid, yet, remembering the real vastness of the atmospheric regions, it was impossible not to recognize the fact that they implied the most intense activity in the solar regions beneath.

It was clear, even at the great distance at which we still were, that the solar atmosphere extends far above the loftiest of the coloured prominences. We could not yet distinguish the actual boundary of the atmosphere, though we entertained little question, after what we had discovered in the case of the earth's atmosphere, that a real boundary exists to the gaseous envelope surrounding the sun. But we could perceive that a brightly luminous envelope extended to about twice the height of any prominence visible at the moment, and that the solar atmosphere extends and remains luminous to a far greater height than this more brilliant region. But the most amazing circumstance of all was this, that above even the faintest signs of an atmosphere, as well as through and amidst both the inner bright envelope and the fainter light surrounding it, there were the most complex sprays and streams and filaments of whitish light, here appearing as streamers, elsewhere as a network of bright streaks, and yet elsewhere clustered into aggregations, which I can compare to nothing so fitly (though the comparison may seem commonplace) as to hanks of glittering thread. All these streaks and sprays of light appeared to be perfectly white, and they only differed among themselves in this respect, that, whereas some appeared like fine streaks of a uniform silvery lustre, others seemed to shine with a curdled light. The faint light outside the glowing atmosphere surrounding the prominences was also whitish; but the glowing atmosphere itself shone with a light resembling that of the chromosphere, only not so brilliant. The pink and green lustre, — continually shifting, as it appeared to us, so that a region which had appeared pink at one time, would shine a short time after with a greenish light, — caused us to compare the appearance of this bright region to that of mother-of-pearl. I suppose that, at a moderate computation, this glowing envelope must extend to a height of about a quarter of a million of miles from the sun; while from

where we were we could trace the fainter light of the surrounding atmosphere to a distance of about half a million miles from the sun's surface. As for the white streaks and streamers, they were too irregularly spread and too complicated in their structure for us to form a clear opinion as to their extension. Moreover, it was obvious that their real extension was greater than we could at present perceive, for they gradually became less and less distinct at a greater and greater distance from the sun, and finally became imperceptible, though obviously extending farther than we could trace them.

We had passed more than two million miles beyond the moon's orbit — our progress being now exceedingly rapid — when we encountered a meteor-stream, which appeared to be of great extent. We had already noticed the passage past us of many single meteors, which seemed to cross our path in all directions. But the members of the meteor-system now encountered were all travelling nearly in the same direction, coming from below (if we may so describe the portion of space lying south of the general level in which the planets travel) slantingly upwards, and nearing the sun, though not on a course which would carry them within several millions of miles of his globe. This meteor-system is not one of those which our earth encounters; nor could X. — who, as you know, has closely studied the subject — recall the path of any comet which travels along the course which the meteors of this system were pursuing.

We paused to study, with not a little interest, a system which belongs to a class of cosmical objects playing, as would appear, a most important part in the economy of the universe. The members of this meteor family were small — few of them exceeding a few inches in diameter — and separated by relatively enormous distances. Except in the case of a few sets of two or three or more of these bodies, which evidently formed subordinate schemes, I could not perceive any instances in which any meteor was separated by less than a hundred miles from the nearest of its fellows, insomuch that it was impossible for us to perceive more than a very few of these objects at a time. More commonly, indeed, two or three thousand miles separated each meteor from its immediate neighbours. Yet the actual number of the bodies forming this system must be enormous, for we found that the system extended in the direction in which we were travelling for no less than a million and a

half of miles, and its longitudinal extension — that is, its extension measured along the orbit of the system — must be far more enormous, even if the system does not form a closed ring, as in other cases known to terrestrial astronomers. It is, however, somewhat unlikely that this can be the case; for we observed that the meteors were travelling at the rate of about twenty-six miles per second, which implies (so, at least, X. asserted) that the path of these meteors is a very eccentric one, extending farther into space than the paths of the most distant known members of the solar system.

Most of the meteors were rounded, though few were perfectly globular; some, however, appeared to be quite irregular in shape. We were interested (and Y. was not a little amused) to observe that most of the meteors were rotating, as steadily as though they were of planetary importance; the sets of meteors, also, which I have already referred to, were circling round each other with exemplary gravity. A strange circumstance, truly, that those peculiarities of planetary motion, which we are accustomed to associate with the existence of living creatures (whose requirements these movements so importantly subserve) should thus be simulated by the minute orbs which wander to all appearance uselessly through space!

After passing this interesting region, and travelling more than three million miles farther on our course towards the sun, we noticed for the first time that a change had passed over the appearance of the sun's atmosphere and the surrounding regions. The radial streamers respecting which astronomers have so long been in doubt had come into view in the most unmistakable manner. We could trace them from the very border of the sun's globe; across the inner glowing atmosphere as well as the outer and more faintly illuminated region; and beyond that region to distances which we judged to vary from some seven or eight millions of miles opposite the solar spot zones to about two millions and a half opposite the polar and equatorial regions of his globe. Yet it must not be inferred that the radiated glory now visible around the sun was, strictly speaking, four-cornered. There was a general tendency to the four-cornered or trapezoidal form, but the apparent figure of the light was gapped and striated in an irregular manner, suggesting that the real shape of the portion of space through which these radial gleams extended was far from simple. We could not trace any actual outline of the coronal

glory; so far as we could judge, it merged itself gradually into a faintly illuminated background of light, which, as we could now perceive, surrounded the sun to a vast distance on all sides, but with an obviously fixed extension opposite the sun's equatorial regions.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, in the radial aspect now presented by the outer corona, was the fact that it had undoubtedly not been so well marked — even if it had existed at all — only a short time before. There could, indeed, be no mistake about the matter; some strange process of change had taken place whereby the coronal region had become thus marvellously striated. The same process of change had caused all parts of the solar atmosphere, excepting only the chromosphere, to glow more resplendently. But the streaks and sprays of faint white light remained unchanged, as well in shape as in lustre and colour. They appeared now by contrast somewhat fainter than they had been; and, of course, owing to our having drawn nearer to them, they appeared somewhat larger: but we agreed that, in reality, no appreciable change whatever had affected these mysterious objects.

As it seemed not unlikely that we should shortly witness farther changes in the radiated glory, which we could not but regard as probably auroral in its nature, it appeared desirable to X. that we should endeavour to time the continuance of the aspect now presented. A sufficiently accurate measurement of time seemed likely to be obtained by noting the moon's motion. The earth and moon were now far behind us, appearing as two planets of great splendour and close together. The apparent diameter of the earth was about a sixth of that commonly presented by the moon; while the moon, which was approaching the earth (in appearance) from the left, showed a diameter equal to about a fourth of the earth's. Both seemed appreciably "full," that is, shone with full circular discs, the moon seeming to shine with a somewhat fainter degree of luminosity. This was no doubt, due to the inferior reflective qualities of her surface, or rather, to the superior reflective power of clouds in the earth's atmosphere. For we could distinctly perceive that the middle part of the earth's disc, occupied at the time by the Atlantic Ocean, showed a band of whitish light, north and south of which the ocean presented a purplish colour much darker than we should have expected, and certainly not shining with more light than the general surface of the moon. The ice-

covered regions round the southern pole could be plainly recognized by the brilliant whiteness of the light they reflected; and all the appearances suggested that this part of the earth is occupied by an ice-covered continent.

Not to digress further, however, I return to the consideration of the method by which X. proposed to time any solar changes. The moon was now, as I have said, very close to the earth in appearance, and slightly below or south of the earth, speaking always with reference to the general level of the paths on which the planets travel — on which level, as I have said, we judged it well to pursue our course. At the moment we could see that the distance separating the moon and earth was equal (in appearance) to about six times the apparent diameter of the earth; and X's long experience enabled him to form an exact estimate on this point. It was only necessary, therefore, to compare this distance with that noted subsequently, as occasion might arise, to form a tolerably exact estimate of the time which should then have elapsed. For it will be understood that, placed as we were, we could quite readily recognize the relatively rapid motions of the moon on her course round the earth. And in passing, I may mention how strange it appeared to us to see the earth, so long known to us as a body to be contrasted with the celestial orbs, now taking her place as a planet among the stars. There, not far from Jupiter, (whom she very much outshone at the time), among the familiar though now enhanced splendours of the constellation Gemini, shone our earth and her satellite, — a double planet, and next to the sun himself the most beautiful object in the heavens.

During the next ten million miles of our progress we passed the neighbourhood of several meteor systems, actually traversing three, whereof two were far more important, so far as we could judge, than the one already described. It was worthy of notice also that the members of all those systems travelled much more swiftly than the meteors formerly seen.

But what appeared to us as most remarkable circumstance was this, that as we drew nearer towards the sun, these meteor systems became more numerous and more important, while we could recognize many objects resembling comets in their general structure (only they had no tails), but much smaller, inasmuch that many of them appeared to be only a few hundred miles in diameter. They were in a general sense round, and became more nu-

merous as we proceeded; while in several instances we observed that they appeared in groups. It would seem from this that multitudes of comets, too small to be discerned by any telescopes yet made, exist within the confines of the solar system; but whether these are the remains of larger comets, or have an independent cosmical existence, it is difficult to determine. Before we reached the orbit of Venus (now shining very brilliantly on the left of the sun, and through our own motion passing rapidly from Aquarius to Pisces) these objects began to appear in countless numbers, with obvious signs of an increased condensation in the sun's neighbourhood. We could perceive that for the most part they were followed by flights of meteors, individually minute, but more closely packed (so to speak) than the meteor systems near our own earth. We began to suspect that this unexpected wealth of cosmical matter in the sun's neighbourhood, might supply the explanation of those interlacing streaks and sprays and hanks of whitish light to which reference has already been made.

When we were about half way between the paths of Venus and Mercury, we for the first time noticed a diminution in the distinctness of these auroral radiations which had first made their appearance when we were but some six millions of miles from the earth. It seemed as though the glowing streamers were slowly fading from view, in the same way that streamers of an auroral display wane in splendour even as we watch them. In a short time we could no longer distinguish the radiations, the solar atmosphere resuming the appearance it had presented when we first observed it. Unfortunately we were unable to estimate the length of time during which the radiated appearance had continued visible, for we were now much too far from the earth to estimate with any degree of accuracy the amount by which the moon had advanced on her course. But although X's ingenious plans had thus failed to supply an exact estimate, we could still infer from the aspect of the earth and moon, that some three hours of common time had passed since the radial streamers appeared.

It seems difficult to understand how the phenomenon we had witnessed could be otherwise regraded than as a solar aurora. How the electrical action causing such an aurora is excited, seems open to question; though the facts to be presently described suggest a probable cause. But after what we had now seen, I had myself very little

doubt that electricity is the main cause of the phenomenon.

Passing Mercury (some twenty millions of miles on our right as we crossed his orbit) we began to draw so close towards the sun, that many of the features shown by good telescopes could be clearly recognized. His spots already presented a striking appearance; but we were most interested at this stage of our progress by the aspect of the coloured prominences and chromosphere. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the fringe of coloured light surrounding the intensely white orb of the sun. The varieties of colour mentioned above seemed now to be multiplied fifty-fold. There are no terms by which the beauty of the scene can be described. To say that the sun appeared like a shield of glowing silver set round by myriads of sparkling jewels of all the colours of the rainbow, is as far from the truth as though one should compare the hues of the most brilliant fireworks with the sombre tints of autumn foliage.

The glowing inner atmosphere amidst which these prominences displayed their splendours, had now, owing to our near approach, increased very largely in apparent extent. We could distinguish many varieties of colour and brightness within its limits, and from time to time radial striations appeared, over the solar spot zones, though they showed but faintly compared with those we had seen earlier, and remained visible but a short time. When they were most clearly seen they could be traced outwards into the less luminous atmosphere, which we could now distinguish to a vast distance from the sun's surface. This outer atmosphere was not irregular, as we might have judged from the earlier appearance of the radiations; for we could now see that those radiations had been wholly within the limits of this exceedingly rare atmosphere. We could trace the envelope to the distance of about eight millions of miles from the sun on all sides; at which distance it appeared to have a definite boundary. But outside, as well as within its limits, the irregular streams and sprays of whitish light could now be seen with greatly enhanced distinctness, and could be traced to a much greater distance from the sun. It had become perfectly obvious to us that these whitish streaks were due to myriads of meteor systems existing in the sun's neighbourhood. We had long since observed how much more richly these systems were congregated close by the sun;

and the nearer we ourselves approached his orb the more surprising was the richness of meteoric aggregation. We now encountered, not systems of meteors, but systems of meteor systems; while amidst these systems, and seemingly associated with them, were countless thousands of those relatively minute comets which have been already referred to. That these comets glowed chiefly with their own inherent lustre, we could not doubt; but the meteor systems shine by reflecting the sun's light; and we could already perceive how much more brilliantly they are illuminated than the meteors which pass close by the earth. For the sun presented a disc many times larger than as he appears to the terrestrial astronomer. So that the meteor systems, infinitely more numerous as well as severally richer in the sun's neighbourhood, and illuminated many times more brightly, formed a conspicuous but irregular halo around the sun. We could perceive also that as their motions (far more rapid than those of the meteors first encountered) carried groups and clusters of them into the solar atmosphere, they began to glow with inherent light, partly, no doubt, because of the increased heat to which they became exposed, but chiefly, as I judge, because the sun's electrical action was then more freely communicated to them. We cannot suppose that atmospheric resistance can have been in question, since even such tenuous bodies as comets pass far nearer to the sun without being appreciably affected by this cause.

It was the sudden access of brilliancy in meteor systems close by us, which gave us the first intimation that we were about to cross the boundary of the solar atmosphere. We were all prepared, as we thought, to experience in some striking manner the effects produced as we passed from the ether of interplanetary space into the sun's atmosphere, — infinitely rare though it might be at this distance from his surface. But we were in no sense prepared for the surprise which actually awaited us. Of a sudden we passed from absolute silence to an uproar infinitely surpassing the tumult of the fiercest terrestrial storms. We were still some eight millions of miles from the sun, yet the tremendous processes at work within his domain produced the most stupendous reverberations even at that enormous distance, and in an atmosphere rarer than the so called vacuum of the experimentalist. Nothing in all our progress thus far, had given us so startling an insight into the

mighty energy of the sun, as this amazing circumstance. Somehow we had always associated the idea of perfect silence with the solar activity; and perhaps it had been on this account that we had hitherto experienced a sense of unreality when considering the mighty processes at work, as telescopic research had shown, in the solar orb. But now that we could, as it were, hear the working of the mighty machine which governs our scheme of worlds, — now that we could feel the pulsations of the great heart of the planetary system, — the sense of the sun's amazing vitality was brought home to us, so far at least as so stupendous a reality can be brought home to the feeble conceptions of the human mind.

Amidst a continually increasing uproar, and through an atmosphere so intensely heated that no creature living on the earth could for an instant have endured its fiery breath, we passed onwards to the glowing inner atmosphere, and still onwards to the very limits of the chromosphere, — where it seemed fit that our course should be stayed in order that we might contemplate the wonders that surrounded us. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe all that we had witnessed during this last stage of our voyage to the sun; wonders had surpassed wonders, glories that had seemed incredible had become lost in yet more amazing glories, each moment had seemed to bring the climax of splendour, of fierce energy, of inconceivable uproar, and yet at each moment we seemed as though we should forget the wonders we had witnessed in those which were being newly revealed.

We were now within twenty thousand miles of the sun's surface. All around us were waves of flaming hydrogen into which uprose continually vast masses of glowing vapour resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, if a rainbow can be conceived as of intensest fire. Some thirty thousand miles from where we were, a mighty prominence towered aloft to a height of at least seventy thousand miles. We had arrived close by the spot zone, and between us and the prominence the surface of the intensely bright photosphere was tossed into what appeared as the immense waves of a white-hot sea. We could perceive that along the whole length of the prominence, even to its very summit, which seemed to be almost vertically above us, a rush of fiery vapour was passing continually upwards with incredible velocity. From time to time masses of matter which resembled molten metal were expelled as if from a vent far be-

neath the lowest visible part of the fiery column. After each such outburst, the prominence seemed to glow with increased brilliancy, its shape also changing, as though the surrounding atmosphere were agitated by tremendous hurricanes. But even as we watched, the explosions grew less fierce and presently ceased; after which, the whole prominence, vast as was its extent, seemed to dissolve, until in an incredibly brief space no trace of it could be perceived.

But a circumstance which surprised us greatly was this. Although the uproar and tumult which prevailed were inconceivably great, yet during the whole progress of the solar eruption which we had been witnessing, there were no sounds which we could associate with the tremendous outbursts which must in reality have taken place. Accustomed to associate terrestrial volcanic explosions with sounds of exceptional loudness, we were amazed to perceive no distinctive sounds during the infinitely mightier eruption we had just watched.

But as we passed towards the scene of the eruption — eager to contemplate the effects of an outburst competent to destroy the whole frame of a globe like the earth — the mystery was explained. While we were still far from the place of explosion, and intent on the study of the great facular waves which were passing swiftly beneath us, we suddenly heard a series of explosions so tremendous that we imagined a new eruption was commencing close by. Yet we could perceive no signs of unusual solar activity. All round our horizon, indeed, we could discern prominences of greater or less dimensions; but these we had observed before. Whence then came the tremendous noises now reverberating through the solar atmosphere? — noises so tremendous, that the unutterable uproar which had prevailed unceasingly all round us, seemed hushed, by comparison, into perfect stillness. X. was the first to see the meaning of the phenomenon. These sounds were those produced during the explosion which had ceased sometime before; the interval which had elapsed corresponding to the vast distance which still separated us from the scene of the outburst. Just as a perceptible interval elapses between the flash of a gun and the moment when the noise of the discharge reaches the ear of a distant observer, — so in the present case a comparatively long interval elapsed before the sound-waves traversed the distance which light had traversed in less than a second.

As we approached the scene of the outburst, we perceived that we were nearing the borders of an enormous region which seemed dark by comparison with the intense brilliancy of the rest of the photosphere. The *faculæ*, forming here immense ridge-like waves, prevented us for a time from fully discerning the nature of this region: but after we had passed some of the loftiest of these seeming waves, we could perceive that the dark region formed a sort of lagoon, though of an extent exceeding the whole surface of the earth. We had, in fact, approached one of those regions which terrestrial observers call spots. We could readily infer that the spot was not one of the very largest; in fact it was little more than twenty thousand miles in width. We found that (as astronomers have inferred) the dark region lay below the general level of the photosphere. But terrestrial observers have wholly underrated the extent of the depression of these regions. The reason of this X. considered to be the refractive power of the dense atmosphere within these depressions, which causes them to appear shallower than they really are, much as a basin when filled with water appears shallower than it really is. We judged the depth of the depression in the case of this particular spot to be fully ten thousand miles.

Placed as we were now at the borders of an enormous sun-spot, we could understand the real meaning of some of those appearances which had seemed perplexing during the telescopic scrutiny of the sun. In the first place, we could perceive that, throughout the whole extent of the depression before us, there was the most intense activity; but the most violent action took place all round the borders of the spot. We could see, in fact, that several of the prominences we had observed during our progress sprang from the borders of the relatively dark depression; and though scarcely a trace remained (to our great amazement) of the mighty eruption we had so lately witnessed, we could judge from the aspect of the region we had reached, that *here* (on the nearer border of the spot) that tremendous outburst had taken place. All round the spot immense waves of *faculæ* raised their glowing crests above the general solar level; and we could see that this was due to the action of some cause by which the matter of the photosphere had been driven outwards from the region of the spot, and had so become heaped up in great ridges all round. Descending to a lower level, we

found that this photospheric matter was actually of the nature of cloud or fog, and that it was, in fact, formed by the condensation of the glowing vapours of many metallic elements into innumerable globules or vesicles, resembling the water-vesicles of our clouds. From the inner surface of some of these clouds, we could perceive that metallic rain was falling. The metallic showers were particularly heavy on the borders of the spot, though whether this was due to the cooling to which the region of the spot appeared to have been exposed, or to electrical action caused by the intense activity all round the spot, we could not satisfactorily determine. And though we visited several other spots—one of them remarkably large—we could perceive nothing explanatory of these localized showers.

In passing over the general photosphere—that is, over regions where there were no spots—we saw no signs of the objects which have been called willow-leaves. The photosphere presents a curdled aspect, as though the metallic clouds which produce the greater part of its light had been agitated into somewhat uniformly-disposed waves—not rollers, but such waves as are seen when two seas meet—but there was nothing suggestive of interlacing. In the neighbourhood of the great dark depressions, however, the rounded clouds seemed to be lengthened by the effects of atmospheric disturbance, an effect which was enhanced by the downfall of metallic showers from these clouds. X., who had been inclined to entertain the belief that the bright solar willow-leaves are in some sense organized beings, admitted at once that nothing in their aspect on a nearer view encourages such a conception of their nature.

We visited both spot zones, and examined many spot depressions in several stages of development. From what we saw, we were led to the conclusion that spots are caused, in the first instance, by the arrival of matter from without, under such circumstances as to cause a large portion of the solar atmosphere to be cooled. It was clear, indeed, that much of the matter which continued to arrive from without caused a local increase of the sun's heat. This was especially the case with matter which arrived nearly on a vertical course. But other matter, which descended less rapidly to the surface, produced a precisely contrary effect, and as it settled down in the solar atmosphere, displacing and driving outwards the intensely bright solar clouds, it appeared to cool the un-

derlying matter in such sort as to cause it to shine less resplendently than elsewhere. But all round a region thus cooled, intense eruptive action was invariably excited, every spot we visited being literally circled about by prominences of greater or less size. Some of these eruptions were so amazingly active that the ejected matter (which seemed to come from an immeasurable depth) was propelled with a velocity even exceeding that of any of the matter which arrived from without; so that we could not but conclude that the matter thus disgorged was driven wholly and for ever away from the sun. There were signs which led us to believe that intense electrical action was excited during these eruptions, and it does not seem unlikely that such action may afford the true explanation of the radiations seen in the outer solar envelopes.

Although not liable to any sense of fatigue, and impervious to any of those risks which seemed to multiply around us, we began to be bewildered by the succession of wonders which had been revealed to us. Y., in particular, wished to escape from the fierce light and the dazzling colours, as well as from the inconceivable uproar and tumult, which we had now experienced, for some hours in reality, but for an age to our perceptions. X. was desirous of penetrating deeply beneath the photosphere, in order to obtain an answer to some of those questions which have lately arisen respecting the condition of the sun's interior. He suffered himself, however, to be overruled, though exacting from us a promise that this, our first voyage to the sun, should not be the last.

Shall I tell you the thought that chiefly occupied us as we returned to the earth? On all sides were countless myriads of stars; in front, the mighty convolutions of the galaxy, infinitely complex in star-texture; directly below, the great Magellanic cloud, full of stars and star-clusters; suns everywhere, of every order of magnitude and splendour. We had wondered at the beautiful spectacle presented by the sun of our own system; but now that we had visited that sun, and had learned something of its amazing might and activity, the thought seemed awful, nay, almost appalling, that all those suns, as well as the unnumbered millions which we could not perceive, were of like nature,—that the infinitely wonderful scene we had just beheld was thus infinitely multiplied throughout the infinite universe of the Almighty.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
AMERICAN JUDGES.

BY JAMES DRYCE.

To an account of the American Bar, such as that which it was attempted to give in the January number of this Magazine, some account of the American Judges is an almost necessary sequel. The relation between Bar and Bench is in the American system, as in our own, a very intimate one, and any change in the character of the one must immediately and directly affect the other. Everybody knows that such a change has passed on the American judiciary, and that it has been a change for the worse. But very few know precisely how far the degradation has gone, to what extent it has spread, or what are the causes which have produced it; still less do they know how far it may be considered symptomatic of a decline in public morals generally. To explain this, to describe the phenomena accurately, to estimate their importance, to show their connection with the political life of the country, is not an easy matter, especially for a foreigner, who is necessarily at the mercy of first impressions, and the reports of a comparatively small number of informants. But the subject is one of so much consequence, that even an imperfect account may render some service. Bad as the judiciary is in some parts of the Union, it is not so bad as a few outrageous scandals might seem to prove it; and it has not exerted so corrupting an influence on the morals of the community as Englishmen naturally and almost necessarily incline to fancy.

The first condition for understanding the judicial arrangements of America is to get thoroughly rid of our English conception of a Judge. For some centuries, we have associated the ideas of power, dignity, and intellectual eminence with the judicial office; a tradition, shorter no doubt, but still of respectable length, has made us regard it as incorruptible. Our Judges are among the greatest permanent officials of the State. They have earned their place by success, more or less brilliant, but always considerable, in the struggles of the Bar; they are removable by the Crown only upon an address of both Houses of Parliament; they enjoy large incomes and great social respect. Some of them sit in the House of Lords; some are members of the Privy Council. When they go through the country on their circuits, they are received by the High Sheriff of each county with the

ceremonious pomp of the Middle Age, and followed hither and thither by admiring crowds. The criticisms of our outspoken press rarely assail their ability, and never their fairness. Even the bar, which watches them daily, which knows all their ins and outs (to use an American phrase), both before and after their elevation, treats them with far more respect than is commonly shown by the clergy to the bishops. Thus we form our conception of the Judge as a personage necessarily and naturally dignified and upright; and, having formed it, we carry it abroad with us as we do our notions of land tenure and other insular conceptions, and are astonished when we find that it does not hold in other countries. It is a fine and fruitful conception, and one which one would desire to see accepted everywhere. But it is quite peculiar to ourselves; the British Judge is as abnormal as the British Constitution, and owes his character to a not less curious and complex combination of conditions. In most parts of the Continent the Judge, even in the Superior Courts, does not hold a very high social position. He is not chosen from the ranks of the Bar, and has not that community of feeling with it which we find so valuable. Its leaders outshine him in France; the famous professors of law often exert a far greater authority in Germany. Both in France and in Italy his purity is, or till lately was, by no means above suspicion. In no part of Europe do his wishes and opinions carry the same weight, or does he command the same popular reverence as among ourselves. One must not therefore be greatly surprised to find him in America so different from what we are disposed to expect. For it is not so much his inferiority there that is exceptional as his excellence here in England.

The most noticeable feature of the American system is the co-existence throughout the Union of two wholly distinct and independent judicial organizations — that of the State Courts, and that of the Federal Courts. Each State, being for many purposes an independent commonwealth, has its own Courts and its own laws, which may and often do differ entirely from those of its neighbours. Such Courts have exclusive jurisdiction in suits between members of the same State, and there is no appeal from them to any other Court.* In matters properly within its cognizance, the highest Court of Rhode

* Except in cases arising under the laws of the United States as distinct from State law.

Island or Delaware enjoys the same authority as the House of Lords does with us, and is not bound to regard as authoritative any case not decided in its own Courts. The great bulk of ordinary suits come in this way before the State Judges, who are of course responsible only to the Government of their own State. Entirely distinct from these State Courts, are the Federal or United States Courts, which have jurisdiction in suits where the parties are citizens of different States, or where either party is a foreigner, or where the parties are themselves States, or where the United States is itself a party; or where the question arises under a law of the United States.*

These Federal Courts are of three kinds: District Courts, held by Judges permanently stationed in one place;† Circuit Courts, held by members of the Supreme Court, who move from place to place, through certain divisions of the country; and the Supreme Court, consisting of a Chief Justice and eight associate Judges, which sits at Washington, and entertains appeals from all the inferior Federal tribunals. They have nothing to do with the authorities of the States in which they happen to sit, have their own executive officers, the marshals, and are responsible to the President and Congress only.

This is, of course, the merest outline of a very complex system, to explain the full working of which many pages would be needed. The contrast between the two sets of Courts is in most respects in favour of the Federal. They have the great advantage of administering a more harmonious and consistent body of rules; for as all the decisions given by inferior Judges in them are subject to review by the Supreme Court, composed of the ablest Judges in the country, and they are bound thereafter to follow its decisions, their law tends to attain a higher degree of certainty, delicacy, and symmetry, than that of most, if not all of the several States. Indirectly, of course, the decisions of the Federal Courts influence the State Courts; that is to say, they have a moral weight, just as our Law Reports have, and a decision of the Supreme Court at Washington would be almost implicitly followed in any Court. But upon a great number of ques-

tions no authority from the reports of the Supreme Court can be cited; and it is a real misfortune to the Judges of the State Courts to be freed from the check which the possibility of an appeal from their decisions tends to impose. Still more important is the difference in the mode of choice. The Judges of the Federal Courts are appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and hold office, like our own, during good behaviour. It is said that, especially of late years, the nominations have fallen too much under the control of the senators, and that they are frequently made rather from political or personal motives than with a view to the public good. In the main, however, the men chosen are men of capacity, and being safe in their seat when once appointed they have no motive for further political subserviency. Quite otherwise in the several States. In the great majority of them the practice has sprung up within the last thirty years of choosing a Judge by popular vote, for a longer or shorter term — sometimes for one year only, as in Vermont (where however he is almost invariably re-elected, and where he is chosen by the legislature), sometimes for four, six, eight, ten or fourteen years; every State being in these matters a law unto itself. Fourteen is (since 1870) the term in New York. Massachusetts is an honourable exception — she still commits the appointment of Judges to the Governor of the State, and makes them independent by giving them a tenure during good behaviour. This is the practice in three or four other States; and in several, although the office is temporary, the election is made not directly by the people, but by the legislature of the State.

The practical working of these arrangements differs much, as might be expected, in different parts of the country. Nearly everywhere the elections are influenced by political considerations; and a man not belonging to the dominant party, and not agreeable to its managers, has little chance of success. In some places, however, the Bar takes the matter up, and insists on the party's putting forward competent men: here and there it even happens that the Bar agrees upon and carries a list including respectable men of both parties. It would seem that in most of the eastern and northern States (of the South I do not undertake to speak, and its present condition is too abnormal and transitory to make it worth reasoning from) the elections are fairly well made. So for exam-

* In some cases under United States law State Courts have a concurrent jurisdiction. There are other minor instances (e.g. Admiralty and maritime causes) of Federal jurisdiction which for brevity's sake I omit.

† A district is usually coterminous with a State.

ple in Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois; so even in Pennsylvania, which stands in point of political honour rather low among her sister commonwealths. Both in Chicago and in Philadelphia people say that it is the influence of the Bar that procures respectable appointments — without this, the electors would be entirely at the mercy of the party wire-pullers. In Massachusetts one hears nothing but good of the Judges; and it is admitted that this is owing to the system of life appointments by the Governor. In New York one hears a great deal of evil: not only are some (by no means all) of its Judges bad men, greedy, violent, corrupt — they are chosen because they are bad men, because their want of principle makes them useful party tools.

The salaries paid to the Judges vary from State to State, but are everywhere miserably inadequate. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, for example, wealthy manufacturing and trading commonwealths, no Judge receives more than £1,000 a year — much less than the average salary of a County Court Judge here. In Pennsylvania the maximum is about £1,100, and I doubt whether it is higher in any other State (except New York), while in many it is a good deal lower.* New York has lately raised her scale, and now gives the highest Judges over £2,000. It is to be hoped she may soon get some better worth her money. The Federal Government is not a whit more liberal than are the States. The average salary of a Federal Judge does not exceed £800 or £900 a year; those of the Justices of the Supreme Court at Washington, who are supposed to be the picked men of the country, are fixed at about £1,150, and have been but quite lately raised even to that modest figure. Nor does the mere statement of these sums give a proper notion of their inadequacy. In the towns of America, and notably in Washington and other cities of the eastern seaboard, living is more expensive than in England; and £1,200 goes no further than £800 would here.

To what is this extraordinary parsimony to be ascribed? What can induce a nation among whom money is plentiful, who earn it quickly and spend it lavishly, to pay such contemptible salaries for work which it is of the highest consequence to them to have properly performed? It is true that all intellectual labour is compar-

atively ill-remunerated in America. The clergy for instance have a hard time of it, except in a few of the largest towns; the schoolmasters and professors in the universities are, according to English ideas, miserably underpaid. But the leading members of the Bar, whose remuneration is governed by the laws of demand and supply, obtain very large fees, and it might reasonably be supposed that their incomes and those to be gained by eminent ability in any other line of life, would fix the scale by which a Judge's salary would be regulated.

Something may perhaps be due to the fact that at a time when these salaries were fixed, life was much simpler, and the necessities of life much cheaper than is now the case. The rise in wants and the prices leads lawyers and men in other professions to protect themselves by making higher charges for their labour, while incomes settled by law have undergone little change. There are, however, deeper reasons for this inadequate payment of the Judges. In the first place, their salaries are determined by legislative bodies composed in great part of persons of narrow means and narrower ideas. The members of a State legislature are mostly poor men, belonging to what would be called here the lower middle class: they cannot see why everybody should not be content to live according to their standard of comfort and elegance, and have no idea of helping him to anything better. Not very long ago it was proposed in the legislature of Massachusetts to raise the salary of the Judges. An honest old farmer stood up to oppose the proposition. "They have got three thousand dollars a year at present," he said, "and I know that no man *can* spend more than six hundred dollars a year." The argument seems to have been thought convincing; anyhow, the bill was lost. To have explained that it was not a question of what a man could live on, but of the necessity of paying high in order to meet the competition of other occupations for able men, would have been wasting breath. For it is not merely that these rural legislators, in their ignorance of the refinements and artificial needs of city life, do not understand what good pay is — they do not see why good pay should be given. They have no notion of the value of special training and high capacity: one office is to them much the same as another, and an honest man of average common sense is good enough for any. That it is essential to have the very best men has never occurred to them.

* There were in 1869 twenty-four States in which the salary of the Judges of the highest Courts ranged from £400 to £850 per annum.

There is, however, so say the lawyers, a second reason for the poorness of these salaries—the indifference of the professional politicians to judicial office. The men who go into politics as a trade, and they are unhappily not rare, are mostly rather low and ignorant fellows, who do not care about being made Judges, and therefore have no interest in raising a Judge's salary, while they are quite willing to pay well for a place which they have a better chance of getting, and for which they would feel themselves less conspicuously unfit. "It is no paradox to assert," said a very distinguished New England lawyer and man of letters, "that with us the higher the functions of an office, the lower its emoluments. Everybody is willing to make a good thing of a place which everybody can hope to get into; but where the aspirants are few, the office, whatever its consequence, is sure to be starved." So it seems to have been with judgeships. The hack politician who, even if he has once practised, is more of an office seeker than a lawyer, cares as little about the welfare of the Bench as does the farmer. What attracts him is a place where the work, if it be done at all, may be done by the meanest capacity, and where payment is by fees, with all the chances which that plan opens of occasional and illicit gains. The Custom House has such places, and the Custom House is therefore the paradise of politicians, with its great fees and its greater opportunities. It is currently believed that the collector at New York has an income not much less than that of all the Judges of the Supreme Court at Washington put together.

It is not surprising, when one knows how the Judges are chosen and paid, to find that the best men do not become Judges. People who are making eight, or ten, or fifteen thousand pounds a year at the Bar cannot be expected to accept places, especially temporary places, worth eight hundred or a thousand only, nor is it certain, in some States, that if they offered themselves they would be chosen. It is only where the office is held for life and is surrounded with a good deal of dignity, that eminent lawyers will accept it. This is the case in Massachusetts, and there accordingly the Bench of the highest Courts is filled by persons who, if they have not always had the largest practice, are yet for the most part thoroughly competent and upright. The traditional glory of the Supreme Federal Court, and its political importance as the guardian of the law and interpreter in the last resort of the written Constitution,

make a seat in it still an object of ambition. But it is sometimes found impossible to induce the best men to take it—for to be able to do so they must have already saved a respectable fortune. Not long ago, when the Chief Justiceship of this Court seemed likely to be vacant, and the question of filling it up was talked about, many people thought that one very eminent lawyer, who would have done honour to it, would probably refuse because he might not be able to afford the great loss of income it would have involved. It sometimes happens that Judges of this Court or in the Supreme Courts of the several States resign their offices and go back to the Bar.*

The social position of the judiciary, depending to a great extent upon income and upon the eminence of those who compose it, is not generally good, and seems to be still further sinking. The Federal Judges, holding for life, appear to stand well, and so do those in Massachusetts. But in most of the States, a State Judge would not take rank with the leaders of the Bar and the most cultivated members of the mercantile class, or, if he did, would do so in virtue of some personal merits. His official rank would count for little or nothing. Speaking of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New York City, a prominent politician once said to me: "I don't think him so bad a fellow as they make out; he has always been very friendly to me, and would give me a midnight injunction or do anything else for me at a moment's notice; and he's not an ill-natured man. But of course he's the last person I should ever dream of asking to my house." New York City is exceptional, and the functionary in question was exceptional even there; but in Pennsylvania, in Connecticut, in the middle and western States generally, Judges are held in but slight esteem. They have not even those external badges of dignity which, childish as they may appear to the philosopher, have so much power over the imaginations of the mass of mankind, and are not without a valuable reflex influence on the person whom they surround, raising his sense of his position and reminding him of its responsibilities. They wear no robe of office nor other characteristic dress, have no attendants to escort them, are in all respects treated like ordinary citizens. Popular sentiment, which

* The courtesy of society continues their title both to these ex-Judges and to those whose term of office has expired; so one meets abundance of "Judges" practising at the Bar. For social purposes, once a Judge always a Judge.

has done away with academical costume in the Universities, tolerates nothing that seems to elevate or even mark off a man from his fellows.

The results of the condition of things which I have tried to sketch, though less serious than might have been expected, have yet been certainly unfavourable both to the substance of the law and to its administration. In many, perhaps in most States, the Bar does not greatly respect the Bench, and shows that it does not. Imputations of partiality or incompetence are freely thrown out. Decisions carry little moral weight; business is often conducted in a lax and slovenly manner. An immense mass of reports accumulates, containing many conflicting decisions, and adding to the difficulties caused by having a separate system of law for each State: for as there is no appeal from the Supreme Court of a State, there is no means of settling whether it, or the Court of another State which takes a different view of the law is in the right.* This would be a misfortune in any case, but it is much more of a misfortune when the Bench which pronounces the decisions is filled by men of inferior learning and acumen. However, the cases are generally ably argued by the Bar, so that the Judge has every chance of going right given him, and he has the great advantage of being able to refer to the decisions of the higher Federal Courts, whose appeal system makes their law better and to our English Law Reports, whose moral authority is deservedly very high.† The uncertainty of the decisions, and the sort of general looseness which comes to prevail in procedure, have an unfavourable influence on men's interest in law as a science, and it opens a door to favouritism and corruption at which weak and unprincipled men are sure to enter in.

The weightiest question, and the one which has most interest for Englishmen who have heard so many vague and exaggerated statements respecting the failure of justice in American courts, remains to be mentioned. How far have the honour

and purity of the Bench suffered? and if they have, is the evil due to defective political arrangements, or to causes more deeply seated? No graver question can be asked respecting any country than whether its Government discharges the chief function for which civil government exists—the protection of citizens against fraud and violence, the decision of their disputes upon fixed principles, the satisfaction of their wounded feelings of right, the substitution of legal redress for self-help and revenge. Since the time of the Hebrew prophets and Hesiod, the unjust Judge has been the commonest object of popular hatred—the living embodiment of misgovernment and wrong, and that not without reason, for he is placed there to represent and defend right and justice; and if his light be darkness, how great is that darkness! To us Englishmen in particular, a society where the Bench is or believed to be corrupt seems an utter failure, rotten in its very foundations. Now, righteous as this horror may be in a moral point of view, and true as it may be politically, that judicial purity is as sure a test of good government as can be proposed, the experience of other countries and past times may convince us, that it would be an error to condemn every State which falls below the standard we have set up. Strange it may appear, yet true it is, that there are places where many public virtues and an efficient administration exist side by side with Courts whose integrity is more than doubtful.

To give a faithful picture of the condition of the United States in this matter is extremely hard. An American could not do it unless he had spent years in visiting and learning to know different parts of the country; much more than must a stranger feel diffident in stating such results as his comparatively hasty inquiries enable him to reach. But about two things there can, I venture to think, be no substantial doubt. One of these is that judicial corruption does exist, and exists in a gross and shocking form. The other is that it is extremely limited in area. Save in one or two States, and conspicuously in Massachusetts, whose Judges are not less upright, and many of them not less able than our own, the State Judges are usually weak men, inferior (with some brilliant exceptions) in learning, ability, and social standing to the Bar, often careless of their dignity, and sometimes, though rarely, warped by party feelings. But they are almost always honest people, who feel the responsibilities

* In Illinois and Wisconsin it is held not to be negligence in a passenger to put his arm out of the window of a railway carriage; while the Courts of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, hold that it is. *The American Law Review* advises the prudent traveller, before he leans out of the car window, to ascertain through what jurisdiction he is moving.

† One does not realize the importance of the English Bench and Bar till one goes to the United States or some of our greater English colonies, and perceives that in this little island we are making law for half the civilized world.

of their office, and do their best to administer substantial justice between man and man. In one State only have they, or rather some among them, abandoned decency as well as purity, sold justice and denied it in the face of day. But that State is unfortunately the wealthiest and the most populous, the State most visited by Europeans, the State whose commercial relations with England are closest, the State which foreigners are apt to regard as a type of the whole country, the "Empire State," as it proudly calls itself, the great State of New York. The phenomena which have made its bench what it is are so curious, that at the risk of some little digression an attempt must be made to sketch them.

There is a notable tendency in any principle or doctrine which has once acquired an ascendancy over men's minds, to go on working itself out in its applications, far beyond the limits within which it was first recognized as true, and within which an educated judgment would still confine it. Every serious thinker knows that in politics no principle, however generally sound, can be applied absolutely and universally; it must be kept subject to a variety of restrictions and qualifications suggested by the social and economical conditions of the community wherein or whereon it is to operate. But when a nation has come under the influence of abstract notions, the power of a principle, nakedly regarded, becomes very great, and men apply it crudely and out of season, not heeding or discerning those limitations and countervailing principles whose force is felt by the trained intelligence; or, in other words, they do not apprehend the principle in its reality and its application to the concrete, but a sort of outline or skeleton thereof, apart from the data which while they establish its truth serve also to determine its limits. Logic, or a kind of bastard consistency which calls itself logic, is very powerful in half-educated minds,* and makes them desire to bring everything into conformity with a rudely conceived ideal, even at the risk of overthrowing institutions substantially useful. There have been many examples of this tendency in modern Europe, as well as in the ancient world, and one may trace its presence even in England, where, however, it has usually been met and overpowered by that opposite feeling of attachment to existing arrangements,

* Minds, that is to say, which are really active and capable of appreciating ideas, but with little knowledge of the sciences that bear on politics.

which some of us call prejudice, others selfishness, and others reverence for the past.

In the United States the idea of democracy has obtained this sort of sway. The people, whose imagination is in some directions very susceptible, became intoxicated with the notion of freedom, and were ready to go great lengths in their pursuit of that rather bare and negative conception. The noble idea of the equality before God of all His rational creatures, from which the founders of the Republic started, was soon taken to involve not only the equality of all citizens before the law, but also the equality, so far as it could be attained, of their social position and their political rights. From this again the transition was easy to a belief in their equal capacity and worth, the notion expressed by the phrase that one man is as good as another, and a great deal better. A feeling similar to that which caused magistrates to be chosen by lot in Athens and some of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, disposed the people to withdraw power from the Executive, and exercise it either directly by popular vote, or through the representative assemblies, and the tide of opinion set very strongly against anything which either politically or socially appeared to raise a man above his fellows. Thus it was that the nomination of Judges was taken from the Governor of the State and given to the people, and that the tenure of judicial office was done away with. The confusion of political with natural — i.e. intellectual and moral — equality, and the want of an appreciation of the worth of special training, produced the notion that any man was good enough for any office; hence the low salaries given to the Judges, and the carelessness with which they are chosen.

The crisis of the change, which advanced with varying rapidity in different States, is marked in New York by the year 1846, when the Constitutional Convention, directing, among other things, that the judiciary should hold office for a limited term, and be chosen immediately by the voters in each locality, announced in their circular address that "the happiness of the people of this State will henceforth, under God, be in their own hands." It was a bold experiment, condemned when it was made by some of the wisest citizens, and among others by the illustrious Chancellor Kent. Still, if the people of the State had remained what they were in 1846, it might have led to no very bad results. But 1846 was the year of the Irish famine, and from that time till now a new

influence has been at work. *Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluzit Orontes* — the turbid stream of immigration has filled the city to overflowing, and brought dangers with it, which the framers of the amended constitution could not have foreseen. New York has certain political faults in common with other parts of the Union — the multiplicity of elections, for instance, which throws politics into the hands of a class, and the distribution of patronage on mere party grounds. Others, however, are peculiar and local. It is the only great city in America which is not American. Of the 1,400,000 inhabitants of New York City and Brooklyn, two-fifths at least are foreign by birth or immediate descent. The number of voters in the city proper was very recently given as 71,342 persons of foreign against 113,266 persons of native birth, a statement which does not fully represent the strength of the former, since many who rank as American born are for most practical purposes still foreigners. The foreign element consists mainly of Irish, recent immigrants, not naturally ill-disposed, but ignorant, poor, shiftless, tending to congregate in the dens of the city rather than scatter themselves, like the Germans, over the broad West, and thrown by their very virtues — their lively sympathies, their attachment to the teachers of religion, their Irish patriotism — into the hands of the priests and the political leaders with whom the priests are allied. All the Irish, as well as many of the Germans, join the democratic party, influenced partly by the name, partly by hatred to the negroes, partly by an aversion to the more puritanical tendencies of the Republicans, among whom are to be found the enemies of beer saloons and Sunday amusements. Their vote is of paramount consequence to the Democrats, and the knot of unscrupulous leaders who command it were thus able to command the democratic party not merely in the city, but throughout the whole State. This was the easier, because the American part of the city population is extremely fluctuating, and passionately absorbed both in business and pleasure. Having thus come to control both the State legislature and the municipal government, these leaders used their power with an insolent recklessness unheard of elsewhere. Followed through thick and thin by their compact mass of Irish voters, they enriched themselves and their creatures out of the public revenue, filled every place with their dependants, and provided for their continuance in office by the use of what is humourously

called the "breach-loading" ballot box, one which they half filled with voting tickets of their own colour before the opening of the polls. It was evidently necessary for these plunderers to have in the seat of justice accomplices who might check inquiry into their misdeeds. This the system of popular elections for very short terms enabled them to do; and men were accordingly placed on the Bench whom one might rather have expected to see in the dock — bar-room loafers, broken down Tombs* attorneys, needy adventurers whose want of character made them absolutely dependent on their patrons. Being elected for five years only, these fellows were obliged to purchase re-election by constant subservience to the party managers. They were not answerable to public opinion, for they were already excluded from decent society; impeachment had no terror for them, since the legislature at Albany, as well as the whole executive machinery of the city, was in the hands of their masters. It would have been vain to expect such people, without fear of God or man before their eyes, to resist the temptations which wealthy men and powerful companies could offer. They knew why they were there, and acted accordingly.

The fall was sudden and terrible; but to what precise point of infamy these Judges descended it is impossible, among so many discordant stories and rumours, to determine. Satan, as an eminent lawyer observed, does not readily unveil the secrets of his invisible world. It is however beyond a doubt that some among them, whom everyone can name, have committed flagrant violations of law and justice; have made orders in defiance of the plainest rules of practice; issued in rum shops injunctions which they had not even read over; allowed a party to the cause to serve an injunction by telegraph; appointed notorious vagabonds receivers of valuable property;† turned over important cases to a friend of their own stamp, and given whatever decision he suggested. It is also certain that some of these magistrates are under the influence of particular members of the Bar, who can obtain from them whatever order or decree they

* The Tombs is the name of the city prison of New York, round which lawyers of the lowest class hover in the hope of picking up defences.

† "In the minds of certain New York Judges," says a well-known writer in the *American Law Review*, for January 1872, "the old-fashioned distinction between a receiver of property in a Court of Equity and a receiver of stolen goods at Common Law, may be said to have been lost."

choose to ask for. A leading lawyer and man of high character said to me, "When a client brings me a suit which is before — (naming a Judge), I feel myself bound to tell him that though I will take it if he pleases, he had much better give it to So-and-So (naming a lawyer), for we all know that he owns that Judge." A system of client robbery has sprung up by which each Judge enriches the knot of disreputable lawyers who surround him; he refers cases to them, grants them monstrous allowances in the name of costs, gives them receiverships with a large percentage, and so forth; they in turn either presently, as people suppose, making it up to him, or undertaking to do the same for him when he shall have descended to the Bar and they climbed to the Bench. Nor is there any doubt that criminals who have any claim on their party often manage to elude punishment. The police it is said, will not arrest such an offender if they can help it; the District Attorney (public prosecutor) will avoid prosecuting him; the court officials, if public opinion has forced the Attorney to act, will try to pack the jury; the Judge, if the jury seem honest, will sum up for an acquittal; and if in spite of police, Attorney, officials, and Judge, he is convicted and sentenced, he may still hope that the influence of his party will procure a pardon from the Governor of the State, or enable him in some other way to slip out of the grasp of justice. For Governor, Judge, Attorney, officials, and police are all of them party nominees; and if a man cannot count on being helped by his party at a pinch, who will be faithful to his party? Some of the stories one hears on this head are incredible, but where there is so much smoke there must be some fire.

Nevertheless, although these mal-practices have gone far enough to create immense scandal, and divert a good deal of business from the courts to private arbitration, the damage to the regular course of civil justice has been much less than might have been expected. The guilty Judges are comparatively few: only three, so far as one can make out, are universally given up as reprobate; and there is no reason to think that even they would decide unjustly in an ordinary commercial suit between man and man, or would take a direct money bribe from one of the parties. The better opinion seems to be that it is only where the influence of a political party or a personal friend comes in that injustice may be expected, and the truth, I believe, was spoken by another Judge,

an honest and worthy man, who, in talking of the most unblushing of these offenders, said, "Well, I don't much like —; he is certainly a bad fellow, with very little delicacy of mind. He'll give you an injunction without hearing what it's about. But I don't think he takes money down." In the instance which made most noise in Europe, that of the Erie Railroad suits, there is no ground to believe that any direct bribes were given. The gang of thieves who had gained the control of the line and were "watering" its stock, were leagued with the gang of thieves who ruled the city and nominated the Judges, the so-called Tammany Ring; and nobody doubts that the monstrous decisions in these suits, as well as the Erie Classification Act, passed by the State Legislature at Albany, were obtained by the influence of the Tammany leaders over their judicial minions. These considerations ought to make some difference to our minds, though I admit that the distinction between political and pecuniary corruption is not very great, and that where a few wicked men have gone first there is reason to fear that many weak men will follow after. It is, however very important to remember that the scandals are confined to New York State, and the worst of them to New York City, and that they exist there because it is really a foreign city, to whose population and circumstances the democratic system which works so well in the rural districts and the smaller towns is quite unsuited. It may, moreover be hoped that they are now, like a bad dream, past and gone. The Tammany Ring has been overthrown, the Tammany Judges are already threatened with impeachment, and the lately-kindled public indignation is sure to put honest men in their room.

In discussing American affairs one comes sooner or later to the inevitable application of the sermon, to the question what there is for England to learn from seeing the developments to which her institutions have been pushed in the new country. American lawyers insist that we ought to be warned by their example against sudden changes in procedure, alleging that the lax and uncertain character of their new practice in New York has done much to facilitate judicial wrongdoing. An Englishman is more struck by the lesson which the circumstances of the whole country teach of the importance of sustaining the dignity of judicial office, and reserving to our own Superior Courts their primary jurisdiction in all cases where large inter-

ests are involved. It is from the twenty-seven or thirty judges of these Courts that we take our conception of the judicial office; their dignity, their reputation for intelligence and purity, helps to support the virtue and position of their less exalted brethren throughout the country, who do not live in the blaze of publicity that surrounds Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. The growth of local Courts, therefore, ought not to be suffered to throw into the background these superior Judges, nor destroy that influence on the country which the system of circuits, and the habit of bringing business from all parts of England to the High Court of Chancery, have so long given them. Suits, moreover, are of not unfrequent occurrence — any practitioner will remember some within the last two or three years — in which the decision of a local Court might not inspire the confidence we now feel in the perfect fairness and integrity of the Bench, and in which the possibility of an appeal might by no means remedy any mischief done.*

It is natural to ask, in conclusion, what is the probable future of the American judiciary? At this moment things are hopeful in New York, where improvement was most needed. The discovery of the long-suspected frauds perpetrated by the Tammany leaders, produced an explosion of wrath on the part of respectable citizens. The polls were crowded by men who had rarely before troubled themselves with politics. Many of their German adherents forsook the Democratic ranks, and the better class of native Democrats to a great extent did the same. The Irish vote was still faithful, and was strong enough to return Mr. William M. Tweed, "the Boss," as senator, but the rest of the Ring either lost their places or resigned them. They are now scattered and powerless; Tweed himself, a man who in five years had made out of the city a fortune of several millions of dollars, has been arrested and held to bail. The offending Judges have begun to quake, and one of the most notorious, on the occasion of some application made before him in a suit against one of the Tammany robbers, delivered an edifying discourse against cor-

ruption, in which he deplored its existence, and intimated his resolution to root it out.* Probably these men will be driven off the Bench, and a healthier era begin. Even the substitution of a term of fourteen for one of eight years, made in 1870, by the last Constitutional Convention, is a change for the better; and so is the increase in judicial salaries. It must also be remembered that political scandals have not in America the significance they would have here. The politicians, and in a certain sense the democratic institutions of the country, do not fairly represent the nation, and their faults have not injured it in the way a European would conclude. A corrupt legislature, a corrupt judiciary, would in England or any continental country have a far more wide-reaching and dangerous meaning than in the United States, would imply a corruption in the people at large which most certainly does not exist beyond the Atlantic. It is perfectly true, though in asserting it one hardly expects to be believed, that the tone of the great mass of individual American citizens is infinitely higher than that of the class to which they entrust their public business. There is a heart-soundness about them, a kindliness of nature, a purity of life and simplicity of manners, which makes an impression upon the stranger he can never forget, an impression exactly the reverse of that which is got by reading the run of American newspapers and watching the intrigues of American parties. One cannot therefore but hope that when the majority of right-minded citizens have realized more fully the importance of putting only men of their own type into office, have thought a little more about politics, so as to free themselves from the dominion of mere names and phrases, have disciplined the recent immigrants and educated them to be fit for democratic institutions, things will take a new turn, and the public life of the nation will become more worthy of its private life. The evils complained of now are very much due to the good-nature and the sanguine temperament of the average American. Spite of his occasionally cynical humour, he takes too favourable a view of human nature, is too tender to individual miscreants, was for a while so much amused at the impudence of the Tammany Ring and the Tammany Judges that he almost forgot to be angry. He is disposed to think that in such a country as

* An obvious example is furnished by suits seeking injunctions against railway and other companies, when the value of the shares may be seriously affected from day to day by the least action on the Judge's part. In Scotland some of the local Courts have a jurisdiction unlimited in amount, but no action can be taken on an interdict issued by such a Court if an appeal is made with due promptness to the Court of Session.

* "*Quis tulcrit Gracchos.*" In New York, people would only have smiled.

his everything must come right and will come right. The advancing prosperity, the inexhaustible resources of his territory inspire him with a confidence in the future which the past course of human affairs hardly justifies; he forgets that the vices and passions of mankind are always substantially the same, and is less careful than he ought to be to stay the plague of corruption in its first beginnings. Yet it must be confessed that their own history gives the Americans strong grounds for this hopefulness. Anyone who knows how bad things were before the civil war, how

demoralizing was the influence of slavery, how complete the control which the slaveholder seemed to have obtained over the government of the country, will not be surprised at the belief which so many of the best citizens express, that when another crisis comes the same Puritan spirit the same enthusiasm for the principles of right and the greatness of the nation which overwhelmed slavery, will burst forth again, and, like a careering prairie fire, sweep away in a moment the noxious weeds which have been suffered to cover the ground.

MICHAEL FARADAY. — Michael Faraday had very little teaching. He learnt the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common day-school; but his father was in bad health, and the circumstances of the family made it necessary that Michael should, as soon as possible, do something to support himself. At the age of thirteen he went as an errand-boy to Mr. Riebau, a bookseller in Blandford-street. One of his duties was to carry round newspapers to those who had subscribed for them. It shows how his early training had not been lost on him that on Sundays it was his habit to set up very early, in order that his morning's work might soon be over, so that he might be able to return home in time to accompany his parents to their place of worship. The remembrance of his early occupation caused him to have, throughout his life a kindly feeling towards newspaper boys. It is said that he seldom passed one without giving them some friendly greeting. As a child Faraday had the character of being a great questioner. From his earliest years he had an inquiring mind, and he was eager for information on all subjects. An amusing anecdote is told of one of his juvenile metaphysical difficulties. He was waiting at the door of the house one day when the thought struck him to put his head between the iron bars of the area railing, in order that he might reason as to which side of the railings he was on when in that position. Suddenly, before he had come to any decision, the door opened, drawing himself back quickly he hit himself so severely, that he forgot to solve his problem. In 1805 Faraday was articled as apprentice to Mr. Riebau. It was expressly stated in his indentures, that "in consequence of his faithful service no premium is given." His father wrote in 1809 — "Michael is bookbinder and stationer, and is very active in learning his business. He has been most part of four years of his time out of seven. He has very good master and mistress, and likes his place well. He had a hard time for some while at first going, but, as the old saying goes he has rather got the head above the water, as there is two

other boys under him." Mr. Riebau appears, indeed, to have treated Faraday with great kindness, and this was fully appreciated by his apprentice, who throughout his life continued to speak of him in terms of the warmest affection. Many years later we find expressions in Faraday's letters, proving that he regarded his own master as one of the truest and most valued friends. One of the greatest services that Mr. Riebau did to his young apprentice was to give him every facility for acquiring knowledge. Faraday was not the lad to allow such opportunities to slip by unimproved. He writes: "While an apprentice I loved to read the scientific books which were under my hands, and amongst them delighted in Marcell's 'Conversations on Chemistry, and the electrical treatises in the Encyclopædia Britannica.' Now it was in those books, in the hours after work, that I found the beginning of my philosophy. Do not suppose that I was a very deeper thinker, or was marked as a precocious person. I was a very lively, imaginative person, and could believe in the 'Arabian Nights' as easily as in the 'Encyclopædia'; but facts were important to me, and saved me. I could trust a fact, and always cross-examined an assertion. So when I questioned Mrs. Marcell's by such little experiments as I could find means to perform, and found it true to the facts as I understood them, I felt that I had got hold of an anchor in chemical knowledge, and clung fast to it. . . . I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial and afterwards with a real cylinder as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind." His earliest note-books show that he listened most attentively to a course of scientific lectures which his master allowed him to attend, during the years 1810 and 1811, and that he studied carefully all the books to which he had access which elucidated the subjects there discussed. He also learnt perspective drawing on purpose to be able to illustrate three lectures with diagrams. — *Golden Hours.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE MAID OF SKER.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE LITTLE MAID, AND THE MIDSHIP-MAN.

* IN this sad predicament, I looked from one to other of them hoping for some counsel. There was Moxy, crying quite as if it were her own child almost; and there was Peggy the milking-maid, allowed to offer her opinion (having had a child, although not authorized to produce one); also myself in uniform, and Black Evan coming up softly, with a newly-discovered walk. And yet not one had a word to say, except "poor little dear!" sometimes; and sometimes, "we must trust in God."

"I tell you," I cried; "that never does. And I never knew good come of it. A man's first place is to trust to himself, and pray to the Lord to help him. Have you nothing more to say?"

"Here be all her little things," Black Evan whispered to his wife; "put them ready to go with her." His two great hands were full of little odds and ends which she had gathered in her lonely play along the beach, and on the sandhills.

"Is that all that you can do? Watkin could do more than that. And now where is young Watkin?"

They assured me there was no more to do. They were tired of trying everything. As for Watkin, he it was who had brought the malady into the house, and now they had sent him for change of air to an uncle he had at Llynvi. Concerning Delushy, there was nothing for her to do, but to die, and to go to heaven.

"She shan't die, I tell you," I cried out strongly: "you are a set of hopeless ones. Twice have I saved her life before, when I was only a fisherman. I am a man in authority now; and please God, I am just in time to save her life, once more, my friends. Do you give her up, you stupid?"

They plainly thought that I was gone mad, by reason of my rise in life; and tenfold sure of it they were, when I called for a gown of red Pembroke-shire flannel, belonging to Moxy for ten years now. However poor Moxy herself went for it; and I took the child out of her stuffy bed, and the hot close room containing it, and bore her gently in my arms with the red flannel round her, and was shocked to find how light she was. Down the great staircase I

took her, and then feeling, her breath still going, and even a stir of her toes as if the life was coming back to her, what did I do but go out of doors, into the bright May sunshine? I held her uncommon and clearly-shaped face on my bosom, to front the sunlight, and her long eyelashes lifted, and her small breast gave three sighs.

"Good-bye all of you," I cried: "she comes away with me this minute. Peggy may come, if she likes, with half a sheep on her back to-morrow."

And so she did: and I could not give her less than half-a-crown for it; because of the difference and the grace of God to darling Bardie. In my arms the whole way home, she lay like a new-born lamb almost, with her breath overcome at first, and heavily drawn, while her eyes were waking. Then as the air of the open heaven found its way to her worn-out lungs, down her quiet eyelids dropped, with a sleepy sense of happiness, and her weak lips dreamed of smiling, and her infant breast began to rise and fall quite steadily. And so she fell into a great deep sleep, and so I took her to my home, and the air of Newton saved her.

Our Bunny was very good. There could hardly have been any better child, when her virtuals were not invaded. She entered into Bardie's condition, and took quite a motherly attitude towards her. And while the tiny one lay so weak, Bunny felt that the lead of mind was hers for the present, and might be established by a vigorous policy. However in this point she was wrong, or at any rate failed to work it out. In a fortnight Bardie was mistress again; and poor Bunny had to trot after her.

Now although it was very pleasant to see the thankfulness of Black Evan, when he came over every day, and brought his pockets full of things, and tried to look pleased when truthful Bardie refused downright to kiss him; pleasant also for me to be begged not only to fish, but even to shoot — perhaps because now the wrong time of year — in and over and through a place, where the mere sight of my hat had been sure to lead to a black eye under it; in despite of all these pleasures, I perceived that business must be thoroughly attended to. And taking this view I was strengthened in my own opinions, by the concurrence of every neighbour possessing a particle of sense. Not only Mother Jones — who might be hard, from so much family — but also the landlord of the Jolly quite agreed with the landlady,

and even Crumpy, a man of the utmost tenderness ever known almost, and who must admire children, because he never yet had owned any—all these authorities agreed that I must take care what I was about. For my part, finding their opinions go beyond my own almost, or at any rate take a form of words different from my own, and having no assurance how it might end, I felt inclined to go back, and give fair-play to both sides of the argument.

But, as often happens when a man desires to see the right, and act strictly up to it the whole affair was interrupted, and my attention called away by another important matter, and the duties springing out of it. And this came to pass in the following manner. It happened upon Oak-apple morning that I was down on a little sandhill, smoking a pipe, and with both children building houses upon my pumps. These pumps had lovely buckles of the very latest regulation; and it was a pleasure to regard them when at leisure, and reflect upon their quality, as well as signification. The children, however, took this matter from another point of view; and there was scarcely anything to their little minds more delightful than to obscure my pumps with sand, and put up a tower over them. And then if I moved, down came the whole; and instead of themselves, they laughed at me. I had worked very hard in the *Alcestis*, and for almost a week after landing found it a most delicious thing, because so incomprehensible, to have nothing whatever to do. But long before now, I was tired of it, and yearned to put on my old slops again, and have a long day of fishing as if Bunny's life and mine hung on it. And when I gave a feast of turbot caught by that excellent Sandy Macraw (and paid for at just what he chose to charge), you would not have guessed it, but such were my feelings, that I could only make believe to eat. And Sandy himself, by special desire, took the foot of the table, and went largely into everything; but behaved uncommonly well, for him.

Now this is just the way I keep on going out of the proper track. If I could not train a gun, much straighter than I can tell a story, France would have conquered England, I believe, in spite of Nelson. It is the excess of windage, coming down to me from great bards, which prevents my shot from flying point-blank, as it ought to do. Nevertheless the village children loved my style, especially since His Majesty had embellished me. And this was why I

shunned the well, and sate among the sandhills; for really it was too hard to be expected to have in throat a new story, never heard before, every time a little pitcher came on the head of a little maid, to be filled, and then to go off again. Bardie and Bunny knew better than that, and never came for stories, till the proper time—the twilight.

Now, as I was longing much to sacrifice all dignity, and throw off gold-lace and blue cloth, and verily go at the congers (which I did the next day, and defied the parish to think what it chose of me), I beheld a pair of horses, with a carriage after them, coming in a lively manner towards my nest of refuge.

"It is useless now," I cried aloud; "I can hope for no more peace. Everybody knows me, or believes it right to know me."

Nevertheless, on the whole, I felt pleased, when I saw that the harness was very bright, and the running-gear knopped with silver. And my amazement was what you may enter into, when really the driver proved to be no bigger than that little Master Rodney Bluett. He had the proper coachman by his side, for fear of accidents; but to me, who had seen so much of horses now in Devonshire, it appeared a most rash thing to allow such a boy to navigate.

However, having caught me thus, he jumped out without accident, while the coachman touched his hat to me, or to His Majesty as now represented by me.

Then that noble boy—as he ought no doubt to be entitled, being the son of a nobleman, although in common parlance styled an honourable boy, which to my mind is no more than a simple contradiction—up he ran with his usual haste, expecting to find only Bunny and me. But his astonishment was worth seeing, on account of his being such a fair young chap, when suddenly he beheld poor Bardie, standing weakly on her legs not quite re-established yet, and in her shy manner of inner doctrine taking observation of him. A more free-and-easy schoolboy there could scarcely be than Rodney; and as for our Bunny, he used to toss her, until her weight overpowered him. But with this little lady looking so pale, and drawn, and delicate, he knew (as if by instinct) that he must begin very gingerly.

"Captain Llewellyn," he said; "I am come to tell you that my mind is quite made up. I mean to go to sea as soon as I can have my clothes made."

"But, young sir," I answered with a wish to humour this fine boy, yet a desire to escape the noble Colonel's anger; "it is use-

less now to go to sea. There is no war. We must wait, and trust the Lord to send one."

"And how shall I be fit to manage a ship, and fight our enemies, unless I begin at once, and practise, Captain Llewellyn?"

In this there was so much truth, as well as sense of discipline, moreover such fine power of hope for another good bout at the French, that I looked at my pocket-lappets for an answer; and found none.

"I can stand a great deal," he cried; "on account of my age, and so on. But I can't stand Latin and Greek, and I cannot stand being put off always. I know what they want me to do. They want me to grow too old for the Navy! And I do believe they will manage it. I am getting twelve, every day almost, and I can pull a pair of oars, and fire a cannon nine inches long, and sail a boat, if it doesn't blow."

"For all that I can answer, sir," my words were, being proud of him: "and you know who taught you this, and that. And you know that he always did impress upon your early mind the necessity of stern discipline, and obedience to superiors. Your first duty is to your King and country, in the glorious time of war. But with a wretched peace prevailing, your duty is to the powers placed by Providence to look after you."

"I have heard that till I am sick of it," he answered rather rudely, for I seemed to myself to have put it well: "Is that all you can do for me? I had better not have come at all. Look, I have five guineas here, given me yesterday, and all good ones. I will put them just in there — and my word of honor —"

"My boy, if it were fifty, five hundred, or five thousand, would an officer of the Royal Navy think of listening to them? You have hurt my sense of honour."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Llewellyn," he said, hanging down his head: "but you used not to be quite so proud. You used to like five shillings even."

"That is neither here nor there," I answered very loftily, and increasing his confusion: "five shillings honourably earned no man need be ashamed of. But what you have offered me is a bribe, for the low purpose of cheating your good uncle and dear mother. You ought to sink into the sand, sir."

He seemed pretty nearly fit to do so, for I put a stern face on, though all the time I could hardly keep from laughing most good-naturedly; when a little hand went into his, and a little face defied me. Poor sick Bardie had watched every word, and

though unable to understand, she took hot sides with the weaker one.

"'E san't sink into 'e sand, I tell 'a, 'e yicked bad old Davy: 'Hot's a done to be 'colderd so? 'Ise very angy with 'a indeed, to go on so to a gentleymum."

By what instinct could she tell that this was a young gentleman? By the same, I suppose, by which he knew that she was a young lady. And each of them ready to stand up for the other immediately! It made me laugh: and yet it is a sad thing to go into.

"Now, my boy," I began, for fear of losing the upper hand of them; "you are old enough to understand good sense when put before you. It is true enough that if you mean to walk the planks like a sailor, you can hardly begin too soon at the time of life you are come to. I was afloat at half your age, so far as I can remember. But I am bound to lay before you two very serious questions. You will have to meet, and never escape from, every kind of dirt, and hardship, narrowness, and half-starving — not an atom of comfort left, such as you are accustomed to. Danger I will not speak of, because it would only lead you on to it. But the other thing is this: By going to sea, you will forever grieve and drive out of your prospects not only your good uncle, but perhaps almost your mother."

I thought I had made a most excellent speech, and Bardie looked up with admiration, to know when I meant to finish. But to my surprise, young Rodney took very little heed of it.

"That shows how much you know, old Davy! Why I was come on purpose to tell you that they are tired out at last: and that I may go to sea, if only you will appoint me a place on board of your ship *Alcestis*. Now do, Captain Llewellyn, do, and I will never forget it to you, if ever I become a great man."

"My dear boy, I would do it this minute if I had the power. But though they call me 'Captain' here, I am only Captain of a gun, and Instructor of Artillery. And even our Captain himself could not do it. He could only take you as a volunteer, and now there is no call for them. You must get your appointment as midshipman in the regular way from London. And the chances are fifty to one against your joining the *Alcestis*. That is to say, of course, unless you have some special interest."

His countenance fell to the lowest ebb, and great tears stood in his bold blue eyes; but presently the hopeful spirit of youth and brave lineage returned.

"I will write to my brother in London," he said; "he has never done me a good turn yet; perhaps he will begin this time."

Not to be too long about it, either by that or some other influence, he obtained his heart's desire, and was appointed midshipman, with orders to join the *Alcestis*, upon her next appearance off our coast. You should have seen the fuss he made, and his mother too, about his outfit; and even Colonel Lougher could not help being much excited. As for me, I was forced to go to and fro betwixt Newton and Candlestone Court every day, and twice a-day, for the purpose of delivering judgment upon every box that came. But when Master Rodney made me toss his spelling-books and grammar at his breast, to practice parrying with his little dirk, I begged him to let me take them home, as soon as he was tired. I have them now, with his little stabs in them, and they make me almost independent of the school-master in writing.

Not only was I treated so that I need not have bought any food at all — except for Bardie and Bunny — but also employed at a pleasant price to deliver lessons every morning as to the names of sails and ropes and the proper style of handling them. We used to walk down to the hard sea-shore, with a couple of sharp sticks, whenever the tide allowed fair drawing-room. And the two little children enjoyed it almost as much as the rising hero did. The difficulty was to keep the village children, who paid nothing, from taking the benefit of my lecture as much as Midshipman Bluett did. And they might have done so, if they cared to do it, for I like a good large audience; but they always went into playing hopscotch, in among my ropes and yards, when all done beautifully in fine sand, and ready to begin almost — for the proper way is to have a ship spread naked first, and then hoist sail, if you want to show its meaning. I could not bear to be hard upon these young ones — and some of them good mother Jones's own — all in a mess of activity; and I tried to think that it was all right, because money was earning anyhow. But I could not reconcile it with my sense of duty to make a game of well-paid work; therefore I kept the children out, in a manner I need not now describe, only you may rely upon it for real ingenuity; for children are worse to manage than folk who have been through having them.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A FINE PRICE FOR BARDIE.

Now our two little darlings had behaved so beautifully, gazing at the bad works of the others from a distance only, though sadly pushed to share in them, and keeping their little garters up, when the others were hopscotching; also feeling, and pointing out, and almost exaggerating the ruin wrought by the other small ones (which they durst not come down to help), that I determined to give them both a magnificent Sunday dinner. I would gladly have had the young midshipman down — for on Sunday he was such an ornament, as good as the best church-window! — but now our time was almost up; and though his mother would have let him come to grace my humble cottage, the Colonel insisted that he must go to take farewell of some excellent aunts from whom he had large expectations, and who had ordered him up for the Sunday to the neighbourhood of Cardiff. However, we could get on very well with our own aristocracy only, which I was sure poor Bardie was, though without any aunts to dine her, and it only made me the more determined to have a family party fed on good fare. We envied nobody as we sat down, and the little ones put up both hands, according to some ancient teaching. For the first course we had conger, baked; a most nourishing, excellent dish, full of jelly and things for children. And this one was stuffed, like a loaded cannon, with meatballs, pork fat, and carraways. Bunny went at him, as if she had never secured such a chance in her life before, but Bardie seemed inclined to wait for what was coming afterwards, and spent the time in watching Bunny with admiration and contempt mixed, as they are on a child's face only.

Then I brought in the dish of the day, with Bunny skipping and going about, and scorching her fingers to help me; but Bardie (having gone into her grandeur) sitting at table steadfastly, and with a resolute mind to know what it was before approval. She had the most delicate nostrils, but what I brought made her open them. Because I had the very best half of the very best ham ever cured in our parish, through a whole series of good-luck. Luck, and skill, and the will of the Lord, must all combine for a first-rate ham; and here they were met, and no mistake, both by one another and by excellent cooking afterwards. It would not become me to say any more, when it comes

to my mind that the delicate gold of infant cabbage, by side of it, was also of my own planting, in a bit of black mould in a choice niche, ere Bethel Jose had tempted me. In spite of all this wondrous cheer, and the little ones going on famously, the sight of that young cabbage struck a vein of sorrow somewhere. To go away, and leave my house and garden for whole years perhaps, and feel that it was all behind me in neglect and loneliness, with no one to undo the windows, or to sow a row of peas, or even dib a cabbage in, and perhaps myself to find no chance of coming back to it, and none to feel the difference! Like a knife all this went through me; so that I must look upward quite, for fear of the little ones watching me.

Those two little creatures ate with a power and a heartiness enough to make anybody rejoice in the harmless glory of feeding them. After the very first taste, they never stopped to wipe their lips, or to consider anything, but dealt with what they had won, and felt, and thoroughly entered into it. Only every now and then they could not help admiring what I take to be the surest proof of a fine ham and good cookery, that is to say, bright stripes of scarlet in between fat of a clear French white, not unlike our streaky jaspers interlaid with agate. To see that little thing, who scarce could lift a finger three weeks ago, now playing so brisk a knife and fork, filled me with gratitude and joy, so that I made up my mind to finish my dinner from the conger, and keep the rest of the ham for her.

I gave the little souls their wine—as they called it—of gooseberry-water, a good egg-cup full apiece; and away they went, like two little women, into the garden to play with it, and see who would keep it the longest. Then I put the rest of the ham in the cupboard, and returning to the conger, began to enjoy the carver's privilege of ten minutes for his own fork. But just as I had done handsomely well, and was now preparing to think about a pipe of fine Navy tobacco, and a small nip of old rum and water, suddenly my door was darkened, and there stood the very last man (save one) whom, for my comfort and calm Sabbath feeling, I could ever have wished to see.

"Peace be to this house," he began, with his hands spread out, and his eyes turned up, but his nostrils taking sniff of things: "peace be to this humble home, and the perishing flesh contained in it! Brother Davy, is it well with thee?"

"Brother Hezekiah," said I, perceiving

what he was up to: "no flesh does this house contain; for that it is too humble. But in the name of the Lord, right welcome art thou to cold conger! Brother, I pray thee, arise and eat; and go forty days hence on the strength of it."

"It hath been done," replied Hezekiah, "by Divine grace and unceasing prayer. But come, old chap, I am sure you have got something better in that cupboard. Stinking fish hast thou often sold me, and lo I have striven to like it! therefore give me good meat now, and let us rejoice at thy great doings."

This speech was so full of truth that it got the upper hand of me, both by the sense of compunction and the strength of hospitality, and I could no longer deny to Perkins all that remained of poor Bardie's ham. "I have expounded the word of the Lord, I have been as Lot in your little Zoar," he cried, going on for the third help of ham; "my spirit was mighty within me, David; and Hepzibah took up the wondrous tale. Backsliding brother, where hast thou been? There is a movement and revival set afoot from my burning words and Hepzibah's prophecies, such as shall make your rotten old Church——"

"Have a drop of beer," I said, for I did not like to see him shake his fist at our church-tower.

"Well, I don't mind if I do," he answered, "now I come to think of it. Everything in its season, brother. And a drop of your old rum afterwards."

I pretended not to hear this last; for though I might stand him in twopenny ale, I saw no reason for spoiling the tops of a bottle or two that I scorned to open, even when my rheumatics had leapt from my double half-ribs to my ear-drops. So, after observing that things were locked up I ran into the Jolly, and fetched a pint of small ale, very rapidly. Not expecting me back so soon, he had made a good round, with his knife in his hand, to see what might be hoped for. Now back he came with a groan, and said that he knew not what he was fit for. When the power of the Word came upon him, he had such spasms afterwards.

I never love to be in company with a man of this sort. When my time is come for thanking God for a fine dinner, I would rather be alongside of a simple man and a stupid one, who can sit and think with me, and say no more about it. He knew my feelings, I do believe, and enjoyed them like pickles with his meat; and after finishing every morsel, even down to the

mark of the saw upon the very knuck of it, up he put his tallowy thumbs with the black nails outwards, and drew a long breath, and delivered, "In the name of the Lord, Amen. And now, Brother David, rejoice a little, as behoves a Christian man, upon the blessed Sabbath-day."

"Hezekiah, I have rejoiced to behold your joy in feeding, and to minister thereto. Now, having fruition of fleshly things take the word of the Lord, oh my brother and expound doctrinally; though it be but a score of chapters. I will smoke, and hearken thee."

"Strong meat is not for babes, my son; and a babe art thou, old Dyo. Chaps like you must wait and watch for the times of edification. There is a time for sowing, and there is a time for reaping. Small ale is not meat for such as bear the burden of the day."

"Kiah, the smith," I asked, very shortly, "what is it you would have of me?"

"Brother Davy, I have offered a blessing on thy flesh-pots; and good they were, though not manifold. It is comely that I should offer another blessing on thy vessels, Davy."

What could I do with such a man in my own house? Brother Hezekiah became, at my expense, most hospitable. I found no escape from my own bottle, without being rude to my visitor's glass; and yet I enjoyed not a single drop, for want of real companionship. For all my wits were up in arms as if against Parson Chowne almost; because I knew that Master Perkins wanted to make a fool of me. So I feigned to be half-seas-over, that he might think he had done it.

"Ancient friend," he began at last, when he thought that I was ripe for it; "thou hast lifted me above the height of edification. Peradventure I say words that savour not of wisdom, beloved brother, the fault is thine: here I am, and there you are."

"How can any man having a smithy of his own go on so? An thou wert not tipsy, 'Kiah, thou couldst see the contrary. I am here and thou art there."

"Just so. You have put it wonderfully," he answered, after thinking: "we may both say right is right, which is the end of everything. Keziah said to me, 'Go seek where he is, and how he is; because I have seen noble visions of his exaltation.' And yet, you see, exalted brother, scarce the tenth part came to her."

"She knows what she is about," said I; "she dreamed of a red-hot cradle, and

the hoof of Satan rocking me. Now I see the whole of it. It was Parson Chowne, and the ferry-boat, and the ketch I was all but burned in. Perkins, tell me more, my friend. I have groaned much for neglecting the warning of the prophetic."

"How many men have groaned in vain for that same cause, old Dyo! Vainglorious males, they doubt her gift, because she is a female! Out of the mouths of babes and women—brother, I forget the passage, but it comes to that, I think. And now she hath been again in trouble."

"Concerning what, old Hezekiah? As concerning what, I pray thee?"

"Even touching the child Delusby, in the godless house of Sker. In a holy trance it hath been vouchsafed her to behold that poor kid of the flock bearing in her mouth a paper, whereupon in letters of blood was written 'Come over, and help us.' And we have found a way to help her, with thy faithful testimony."

In his crafty sheep's-eyed manner, made of crawling piety mixed with sharp and spiteful worldliness, he began to feel my soundings towards a scheme so low and infamous, that my blood within me boiled for being forced to bear with him. He had prepared the whole plot well, and what it came to was just this: Inland there lived a wealthy smelter of the Methodist tribe, and Hezekiah was deep in his books for long supply of material. Rees ap Rees was his name, and he longed, as every year he grew older, to make up for an ancient wrong, which was coming home to him. In the early days when he was poor, and clever, and ambitious, he had ousted his elder brother from his father's hearth, and banished him. This poor fellow fled to the colonies; and for many years no token and no news came home of him. Meanwhile Rees ap Rees was growing elderly, and worn out with money, which is a frightful thing to feel. But about a year ago, a half-caste sailor had come to his house, bringing a wretched death-scrawl from this supplanted, but never yet forgotten, and only brother. There were not a dozen lines, but they told a tale that made the rich man weep, and eat dry bread for days and days. His brother having been born without the art of getting on at all, was dying for want of food and comfort, having spent his last penny to keep the mouths of his two little babes at work. These poor children had lost their mother, and were losing their father now, who with his last breath al-

most, forgetting wrongs, as we do in death, very humbly committed them to the charge of his rich brother. And he said that his only remaining friend, Captain of the Nova Scotia, had promised to deliver them safe in Bristol, to be sent for. The dying father had no strength to speak of their names, or age, or any other particulars.

Now it so happened that Rees ap Rees was dearly fond of children, as all rich childless people are, on account of being denied them: and since his wife died, he had often thought of adopting some one. But being rich, he was fidgety now; and none of the children in his neighbourhood ever blew their noses. So here he found, as it were, from heaven, two little dears coming down upon him, his next of kin and right heirs, and also enabling him to go to his parish churchyard, with a sense, of duty done, although preferring to rest elsewhere, if by law allowable. You may suppose how he waited and watched: but those two little dears never came. Upon that, he longed for them so much more that he offered a reward of £100 for any tidings of them, and of £200 for both, or either, brought to his house in safety. Hence it will be clear enough what Hezekiah's scheme was; and half the reward was to be my own.

"All thou hast to say, good Dyo, is what thou saigest at the very time; that the ship was not called Andalusia, but to the best of thy belief was more like Nova Scotia. Also that she was bound for Bristol, and that the other baby's clothes bore no coronet, as they fancied, but the letter R. done fancifully, as might be by a freemason, such as the poor father was said to be. That garment must be destroyed of course. I have one prepared for the child Delushy, with 'Martha ap Rees' in faint writing upon it. This the old man must find out for himself, after our overlooking it. He will then believe it tenfold. And after the sight of thy uniform, Dyo—ha! how sayest thou, old friend? A snug little sum to invest for old age. Thou knowest the old saying, 'Scurvy in the Navy; but the Navy's self more scurvy!' When thou art discharged with three halfpence a-day one hundred pound with accumulations, say £150 then, will help to buy sulphur for thy rheumatics. Myself will give thee ten per cent for it, upon sound security."

"It sounds very well," said I, to lead him; "one hundred and fifty pounds hath a fine sound."

"Not only that, my noble boy: but the

hold thou wilt have on a rich young maiden, such as Martha ap Rees will be. The old fellow can't last very long: none of those smelters ever do, and he hath heart-disease as well. Little Martha will come into £20,000 or more, and every penny of it hanging upon thee, and me, my lad. Is it well devised, is it grand, my boy; is it worthy of old 'Kiah'?"

"That it is," I cried; "most worthy!"

He flourished his glass in the pride of his heart, and even began to sing a song with a chorus of "Spankadiilloes," forgetting whose holy day it was. Unfortunately I did the same; for my nature can never resist a song: moreover I wanted to think a little. Not from any desire to dwell for a moment on my own interest, but from the great temptation to make the fortunes of our poor castaway. But while I was nursing my left knee, with the foot giving time for another chorus (which was just beginning), I heard a tiny pipe, and turned round, and there was the little thing herself, dancing on one foot, and jerking the other in mockery of my attitude, nodding her head to keep time as well, and for her very life singing out, "Pankydiillo, dillo, dillo," while Bunny peering round the door-post, with a power of Sabbath feeling, looked as if the world were ending. It was clear that Bardie had not seen Perkins, whom she never could endure, else would she not have run in from the garden, to bear a share in our melody; and that good brother was so full of his noble scheme, and his song, and my rum, that he never noticed her baby voice; and her quick light figure was out of his sight, from the corner of his boozing. Therefore I managed to get her away, and send her for a good walk with Bunny, to look for water-cress at Bruwys Well; for I thought it wiser to keep that Perkins ignorant of her whereabouts; and Bunny could be trusted now to see to any one anywhere.

Off went the heavy one very gravely, and the light one full of antics, even in front of the cottages singing "Pankydiillo" (which hit her fancy), so that I feared some disrepute, at such a thing going forth from our house upon a Sabbath evening. I tried to frown, but she made me laugh by turning round and clapping her knee, exactly as she had seen me do; and it seemed the best thing to go back out of sight, ere neighbours got the key to it. Little she guessed that the fate of her life was dancing in the balance, and that her own lightsome play had turned it, whether for good or evil.

How could I let such a spring of life, such a mischievous innocence, and thoroughly

earnest devotion to play, sink and be quenched by a formal old Methodist in the iron district? Sker-house was dull enough for dry bones: but there at least she had the sands, and sea, and shells, and rabbits, and wild-fowl: nor any one to terrify her with religious terrors—which to the young are worst of all—unless it were a ghost or two of wicked abbots repenting. Whereas I knew what an old compunctious Methodist is, who has made some money, and devotes his last years to “the service of Jehovah.” Even £20,000 could not make it up to her.

Therefore I shook Master Perkins up, for he really had been a little too free, and was going to sleep with his spectacles stuck for a corkscrew into another bottle, and I made him understand that his plan was a great deal too crooked for me, and that the sooner he went to seek Hepzibah (who was prophesying on a stool for pickling pork, down at Betsy Matthew’s), and to prepare for his midnight service, with a strong Revival rising, the better chance he would have of escaping my now rapidly-growing desire to afford him total immersion (which is the only salvation of one highly respectable lot of them) in the well of John the Baptist. Hezekiah dreaded water so much that this hint was enough for him; and off he set in a tipsy shamble, to lie down on the sandhills, ere he came face to face with the prophethess. When I had put things a little aright, and brushed up the hearth to a bit of fire (to warm the milk for the little ones), and by opening doors and windows sweetened all the place with summer flowing in and nestling round the relics of the sunset, and when the neighbours’ chairs (whereon the very old men had been sitting for their Sunday evening) creaked, as if carried in and dusted for another Sunday, and there was not one child left (except a bad child by the well, whose loose mind was astray with stars, and took no heed of supper-time), then the two best children in the village, neighbourhood, or county, hand-in-hand came to my door. They were wonderfully silent, and they stole (each in her own manner) just a little glimpse at me, to feel how my temper lay; then they looked at one another, to exchange opinions on that all-important matter. They knew they had been out too late, and had frightened Granny a little perhaps, and therefore now had angered him. And in their simple way, they thought it wiser not to broach the question. I meant to scold them, but could not find it, when I beheld their pretty ways, within my power

to do so. And lucky for them that I did not know, until next day, when too late to scold, what a dreadful mess their clothes were in. In that light I could only see their pretty faces glowing, and their bright eyes full of doubt, and their little bodies shrinking back. Also bundles of water-cress put forward to mitigate righteous wrath. I felt that I had been having my spree, and these small creatures had only had theirs. So I kissed them both, and gave them good supper, and blessed them into their little bed.

CHAPTER XLIV.

PROVIDES FOR EDUCATION.

HAVING before me several years of absence from home, if it should please the Lord so long to spare me, I now took measures for the welfare of those who would chiefly miss me. The little cottage was my own from many generations, and in a new will made by a clever man (no less than our new schoolmaster), I left it to Bunny, and all my effects, except my boat, and the sum of ten guineas, which two items, as honour demanded, were for Miss Delushy. But what is wealth without education? No more than a plummet without the line. Knowing this, I provided as follows.

A thoroughly fine new schoolmaster had arisen, as aforesaid, for the purpose of educating all our Newton children. Our good parson had brought him in, not because the old one, being challenged by the village tailor to spell the word “horse” without the picture, proved his command of the alphabet by accomplishing it in nine different ways, all wrong (for that was entered to his credit, when the tailor failed to do the like), but because he horsed a boy and left him there for the afternoon, having fallen asleep without thrashing him. And it shows what the public confusion of mind is, that there were not three people in all the parish who could help jumbling these stories together, because each of them had a horse in it! However the poor old man had to go, and Colonel Lougher, having nothing to do with the spelling of the children, thought it so hard on his brother’s part, that he made the old man his head-gardener, so as to double his wages, and enable him to sleep not half, but the whole of the afternoon. His successor in the school had been sought out very diligently, and he could spell almost as well as Bardie could pronounce a word. But when we found that he came from a distance more than a quick man could

walk in a day, and that he could not through all his forefathers (although they were quite at his finger-ends) claim so much even as intermarriage with any of our third-rate families, much less with any Llewellyns, or Hopkins, or Bevans, or even Thomases, we saw that even Parson Lougher had gone a little too far for us, and not a woman in the place would let a bedroom to that man. However we could not bolt him out of his own schoolroom, and there he slept, contented with a pile of slates for bedstead, and of copy-books for bolster and for pillow. For a week at least he had no school, but he went to church and sang beautifully (which brought half the women over), and the children began to be such a plague, at home, before Monday morning, that eight or nine were sent back to school, as if with halters round their necks. With these he took so much kind trouble, that in three hours they learned more than the parish had learned for a generation; so much that they could not keep it down when they went home for dinner. In the afternoon there were twenty pupils, and by the end of the week three dozen. But how could they prove him to their parents qualified for a bedroom?

Upon the strength of my present position, and unrivalled experience, I found it my duty to come to the fore, and take the command of the householders. And knowing of course what a waste of time it is to reason with anybody, I seized the bull by the horns, and offered Master Roger Berkrolles the occupancy of my cottage upon most liberal conditions. "That is to say for rent per quarter, one sea-snail, and per annum one cockleshell, to preserve the title; provided nevertheless and upon this express condition that my lawful granddaughter Bunny should be fed, alimented, sufficiently nourished, clothed, clad, apparelled, and in garments found; also taught, instructed, indoctrined, educated and perfected in every branch of useful knowledge by the said Roger Berkrolles. Item, that if a certain child of tender years, known as 'Delushy,' should at any time appear on the premises, and demand instruction, instruction of the highest order, and three slices of bread-and-butter, should be imparted to her without charge, *de die in diem*." I objected to these "dies," as being of a nasty churchyard sound; but Master Roger convinced me soon, and must have convinced a far tougher fellow, that to put our lutter end out of sight and out of mind so, is a bad example and discour-

agement for the young ones, whose place it is to dwell on it.

A man of far coarser tone of mind than mine would be required to describe Master Roger's sense of gratitude towards me. When I do a handsome thing, I cannot bear to tell of it, nor even to receive the praise accruing from what neighbours know. "Do it, and be done with it," in all such cases is my rule; and if Roger chose to give me an inventory of goods and chattels, he can bear me out in saying that I scorned to call a witness in to put his name to it. Business is not my strong point, and it never is with a man of largeness.

The next thing for me to see to was to get some wicked warrants quashed; which a deep ignorance of my character, and the lies of very low villains, had induced some weak or vicious magistrates to issue; so that in the sporting season (when I might have done my best), I was forced to decamp with my telescope. This has been mentioned perhaps before; but not my strong resolution to face it out, as soon as ever the sense of a strong position enabled me. No doubt they had meant to do their duty; and I forgave them all altogether. There were three of them. Two names I quite forget. How can one think of such trifles at sea? But the third was one Master Anthony Stew, who had tyrannized over me dreadfully, in the time of my tribulation. Up to this man's gate I went, and rang the great bell, with my three stripes on, and a cap of fronted tapestry. Squire Anthony was about, somewhere on the premises, would my honour mind waiting while the boy went round to look for him? This maid never guessed how often she had told me my fish was bad, and what a shame it was to make them eat it up in the kitchen, or starve; and where did I hope to go to? Neither did she recollect how she had as good as made me kiss her behind the meat-screen, when my glory began to grow for saving those drowned niggers. And yet I could not be sure that she did not know it all, and hide it all, for the joy of boasting afterwards. I understand everything, except women.

When I was shown into the drawing-room, and Mrs Stew with a curtsy went out, as if afraid to trust herself in a presence so imposing, I had a great mind to take a nip at some of the rubbish upon the table. The whole of these nick-nacks could never have paid me half what this fellow had cost me in fines, expenses, costs, and so on; without a bit of evidence from

any man of character. However, I only looked at them.

When that low Anthony Stew came in, he knew me (before I could speak almost); he gave a quick glance at the table, and then without another word showed me out, in spite of all my uniform, to his dirty little justice-room. With such a man, I should think it wrong to go into his ribaldry: only he said this, at last;

"Davy, thou thief, we will withdraw them, because we cannot execute them; now thou art in Royal Service. Five there are, if I remember. Does your conscience plead to more?"

"My conscience pleads to none, your Worship. Perjured scoundrels all of them. Five was the number, I do believe. Alas! what may we come to?"

"The gallows, Dyo, the gallows, thou rogue! Thou hast had some shavings. But when thy turn comes, good Dyo, I will do thee a good turn, if I can."

"Will your Worship tell me why? I never looked for anything but the flint-edge from your Worship."

"Because thou art the only rogue I never was a match for. There, go thy way now; go thy way; or I shall be asking thee to dinner."

"Nay, your Worship, God forbid! What food have I had since breakfast-time?" And so I won the last word of him.

After this provision for my good repute, and defiance of magisterial scandal on behalf of Bunny, my next act was one of pure generosity towards an ancient enemy. Poor Sandy Macraw had a very hard fight to maintain himself and his numerous and still increasing family. Sometimes they did not taste so much as a rind of bacon for months together, but lived on barley-bread and dog-fish, or such stuff as he could not sell, with oatmeal cakes for a noble treat every other Sunday. What did I do but impart to him, under document drawn by Berkrolles, that licence to fish off and on Sker Point which my courage had well established, with authority to him and covenant by him to attack and scare all poachers; the whole to be void upon my return, if so I should think proper. And not only this, but I put him in funds to replace all his tackle, by enabling him to sell his boat. For I went so far as to lease him my own, at a moderate yearly rental, upon condition that he should keep her in thorough repair and as good as new. And for the further validity (as the lease said) of this agreement, two years' rent became due at once, and was paid from the price of the other boat. My

boat went twice as fast as Sandy's and was far more handy, so that this bargain was fair and generous, and did honour to all concerned.

The next and last thing, before starting, was to provide for poor Bardie herself. For I feared that Hezekiah, or some other unprincipled fellow, might trump up a case, and get hold of her, and sell, or by other means turn into money my little pet, to the loss of my rights, and perhaps her own undoing. Resolved as I was to stop all chances of villany of that kind, I went direct to Colonel Lougher and to Lady Bluett. Here I made the cleanest breast that was ever scooped out almost. I may declare that I kept in nothing, except about painting the boat, and one or two infinite trifles of that sort, which it would have been a downright impertinence to dwell upon. Nevertheless Colonel Lougher said that some blame might attach to me in spite of all pure intentions.

But Lady Bluett said no, no. She would not hear of it for a moment. The only thing that surprised her was Llewellyn's thorough unselfishness, and chivalrous devotion to a child who was nothing to him. She was a bewitching little dear; no one who saw her could doubt that; still it showed a very soft side to a wonderfully gallant character, when through all modesty it appeared what womanly tenderness there had been. And this proved how entirely right her opinion had been from the very first, and what a mistake the good Colonel had made, in declining to let her even argue.

"My dear Eleanor, my dear Eleanor," cried the Colonel, with his eyes wide open, and his white hand spread to her; "I am surprised to hear you say so. But we cannot go into that question now. Llewellyn begged for my opinion. Yours, my dear (as you have proved), is of course more valuable; still I thought that it was mine——"

"To be sure it was, dear Henry. Yours is what was asked for. My rule is never to interrupt you, but to listen silently."

"To be sure, Eleanor, to be sure! And we always agree in the end, my dear. But so far as I can judge at present, Llewellyn, although with the very best meaning——"

"And a display of the greatest valour. Come, Colonel, even by his own account——"

"Yes, my dear, great valour, no doubt, coupled with very sound discretion. Yet when I come to consider the whole, I really do think that your hero might have en-

tered more fully into these particulars about the boat. Of course he had no motive, and it was simply an error of judgment——”

“Henry, there was no error at all. What could he do when they would not even listen to him about the name of the ship? If they would not listen about a ship, is it likely they would listen about a boat? And a very small atom of a boat! The thing is too ridiculous.”

Perceiving a pause, I made my bow; for the very last thing I could desire would be to sow a controversy between the gentleman and lady, whom of all the county I esteemed the most and loved the best. And I knew that if I caused dissension in a pair so well united, each would think the less of me, when they came to make it up together. Moreover, my object was attained. Their attention was drawn to the child again: the Colonel, as the nearest magistrate, was put in legal charge of her: I was now quit of all concealment: and Lady Bluet had promised to see to the poor thing's education, if ever she should need any.

This I hoped with all my heart that she would do, and quickly too. And indeed she was growing at such a pace after that long illness, also getting so wonderfully clever about almost everything, and full of remarks that might never strike a grown man till he thought of them, that the only way or chance I saw of taking the genius out of her, was to begin her education. Forgetting just now a good deal of my own, and being so full of artillery, I got Master Berkrolles to make the first start, and show her the way to the alphabet. Our Bunny now could spell “cat” and “dog,” and could make a good shot at some other words, and enjoyed a laugh at the children (head and shoulders over her) whenever they went amiss, and she from the master's face was sure of it. But Bardie had never been to school; for I thought it below her rank so much; and now I contrived for our great schoolmaster to come to my cottage, and there begin.

It must have made the very gravest man, ever cut from a block of wood, laugh to behold Master Roger, and her. He with his natural dignity and well-founded sense of learning, and continual craving for a perfect form of discipline; yet unable to conceal his great wonder at her ways: she on her side taking measure

of him in a shy glance or two, and letting her long eyelashes fall, and crossing her feet with one shoulder towards him, for him to begin with her. He vowed he never had such a pupil; instead of learning, she wanted to know the reason why of everything. Why had A two legs and a girdle, while B had two stomachs and no leg at all? C was the moon, from the shape of it. It was no good to tell her that C was the cat; a cat had four legs and C had none: and as for D being a dog, she would fetch dear Dutch, if he would not believe her, and show him what a dog was like. And then perceiving how patient he was, and understanding his goodness, the poor little fatherless soul jumped up on his knee, and demanded a play with him. He did not know how to play very well, because he was an ancient bachelor; but entering into her sad luck, from knowledge of her history, he did the very best thing (as I thought) that ever had been done to her. He put her on a stool between his knees, and through the gloss of her hair he poured such very beautiful and true stories, that one could almost see her mind (like the bud of a primrose) opening. She pushed up her little hands and tossed her thick hair out of the hearing way, and then, being absorbed in some adventures like her own almost, round she turned and laid her eyes upon his furrowed yet beaming face, and her delicate elbows on his knees, and drank in every word, with sighs, and short breath, and a tear or two.

Although, from one point of view, I did not like to be superseded so, especially in my own department, as might be said, of story-telling, yet I put small feelings away, and all the jaundice of jealousy. If I were bound to go wherever Government might order me, for the safety of our native land, and with moderate pay accruing, also with a high position, and good hopes of raising it, the least I could do was to thank the Lord for sending those two poor children a man, so wise, and accomplished, and kind-hearted, bound over to look after them. And yet I would almost as lief have committed them into the hands of Mother Jones, who could scarcely vie with me. But they promised never to forget me; and the night before I went away, I carried Bardie back to Sker, and saw that Black Evan was dying.

From The Spectator.

M JANVIER DE LA MOTTE.

THERE never was a story so characteristic of France as that revealed in the trial of M. Janvier de la Motte, whilom Prefect of the Eure. It might have been told by Sully, or still better by the Abbé Soulaie, and all historians would have quoted it as the story which better than any other illustrated the home life of the times of Henri Quatre or the Regent Philippe of Orleans. M. de la Motte, though only a great official, a bureaucrat not a soldier, a Prefect not a Crusader, is in every essential characteristic a great noble of the old French régime. Able, popular, and recklessly dissolute, regardless of money, or accounts, or virtue, careless whether he spent his own funds or those of the State, equally ready to give to his debauched favourites or to beggars, squandering his own fortune and then pilaging his wife's, yet as ready to waste them on State business as on his own; £50,000 the poorer for his Prefectures, yet reasonably accused of malversation; so competent a ruler that great nobles, old Legitimists, who must have hated him with holy zeal, turned out to testify that no man ever governed the department like him—he doubled, it is said, the wealth of the Eure—and so foolish that at every step he left materials for a criminal action; so kindly that the jealous, envious, criticizing poor of the department rose in thousands *after* his fall to protest against it, yet unable to be decently just to his wife; luxurious, generous, brave, clever, and utterly immoral, M. Janvier de la Motte stands out in the evidence governing the Eure as the Duc de Richelieu might have governed Toulouse, or M. de Bouillon have administered Sedan—a strange figure, one which no good man can approve or fail to condemn, but which no other people than the French is entirely competent to judge. And he was attacked and defended in the old, old way. The Government did not assail him, though it is possible M. Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, did, in the name either of outraged morals, or of the violated sanctity of accounts. If M. de la Motte had been a Republican he might have been quietly removed as belonging to an order of men Republics cannot tolerate, but he would have been allowed to be forgotten. He was, however, a determined Bonapartist, and one of the dangerous type, as able as Haussman and popular besides, a man who understood the art of conciliating the masses; who could rule with a strong hand, yet not be

hated; and who, if he had scruples of any kind, had none which stood in the way of governing *en grand seigneur*, as a despot released from the moral obligations of mankind. It was expedient to punish as well as dismiss him. There were errors in his accounts, expenditures which either were defalcations or looked exceedingly like them, outlays not indeed for the benefit of M. de la Motte's private account with his bankers, but intended to allow him that Louis Quinze style of living for which his salary was insufficient. Where the old Seigneur would have skinned his peasantry the Prefect of the Eure skinned his department. The Emperor wanted a fête, and the Prefect carried expenses to the account of a work, a bridge, on which, nevertheless, he had spent thousands of his own. His mistress—or was it a second wife, for evidence is divided?—desired a gorgeous bedroom, and the furniture was paid for as Asylum furniture, but paid for with the knowledge of the Council-General, and left, like the blazing gauds of the Paris Hôtel de Ville, as part of the furniture of the Prefecture. The Government quite properly resolved to prosecute for these offences, but instead of prosecuting fairly they went in headlong for a conviction, raked up charges which were ample grounds for dismissal, but had nothing to do with the charge of malversation, demanded in the name of the Treasury sums which the head of the Treasury declared on his oath were not due, and in fact prosecuted as Colbert would have prosecuted a Fermier-General whom he had allowed to gorge himself till his hour came. The Prosecutor, with his bevy of female witnesses brought forward to prove that official accounts were not straight; the Judge, with his sarcastic reprimands to all who praised the defendant; the defendant himself, with instinctive gentlemanliness and audacity, rising to state that a witness who had fabricated an account was quite blameless, for "I myself gave him the order,"—it was all a scene from the history of the old régime.

And so was the defence. One-half of the witnesses who came forward neither proved nor attempted to prove anything except that M. de la Motte was popular, while the witness who ultimately saved him was the Finance Minister himself, who as President of the Council-General of the Eure had watched him all through his career. M. Pouyer-Quertier did not attempt either to defend his friend's private life, or to deny that accounts had been cooked, but asserted that his energy, gen-

ius, and philanthropy had made of the Eure the first department of France — this is true, the improvement in every kind of civilization, including the diminution of crime, being proved by figures — and that the practice of transfers of account, which the witness had always condemned, had been authorized by a *Senatus-Consultum* promulgated under the Ministry of M. Fould. Under this order the transfers are permitted, subject to the approval of the Audit Office (*Cour des Comptes*, one of the oldest institutions in France), and this approval had in each instance been formally given. The Council-General of the Department, the controlling authority established by law, had given its assent to all the expenditures complained of, and if that Council was Imperialist, the Council elected since 1871 was not, and it had independently examined and confirmed the expenditures. "I am convinced," said the Minister speaking in the old style, as if the conviction of one so highly placed must be better than evidence, "that M. Janvier de la Motte never appropriated a single centime of the local funds to his own uses, and that he expended a large part of his private fortune to serve the interests of the department." The Prefect, in fact, had taken nothing; his accounts were manufactured under legal authority, his irregularities were "inevitable" under the system, and the jury, evidently believing that he was made the scapegoat of an entire system, unanimously voted for acquittal. If the Finance Minister is right as to the legal effect of the *Senatus-Consultum* and of votes passed by the Council-General, they are of course in the right, and their verdict amounts to this, — that under the Imperial system, as in the State, so in the Department, a vast expenditure on the personal magnificence of the head of the Administration was, so long as he governed successfully, considered on all hands — by Prefects, by representatives, and by auditors — a legitimate use of the money of the taxpayers. He was not to steal chairs, but to buy chairs covered with gilding out of poor people's money was but to create the pomp demanded by his position. The child's rule, "Eat all you like, but pocket nothing," was the rule of an entire administration.

The trial was concluded, but the verdict was still to have its reflex effect. The Finance Minister had baffled the Ministers of Justice and of the Interior, and his evidence became at once a Cabinet question. There seems no reason to doubt that it was given honestly, from a sincere,

though it may be mistaken, belief that the Prefect had been justified by law in his acts, and that it would be cowardice for the President of the Council-General — who, we may remark, was no Imperialist, standing always as the advocate of Protection against the official candidate — to shrink in this extremity from avowing his opinion, while it is certain that M. Pouyer-Quertier's appearance in the box was opposed to all his interests. Nobody suggests that he was dishonest, or actuated by any sentiment except one of duty and honour towards his colleagues of the Council-General. The sanctity of evidence, however, — the obligation of every man in the witness-box, to say what he believes to be true without reference to consequences — is not yet acknowledged in France, the Finance Minister had stopped a great State prosecution, and the Cabinet felt as wroth as Louis XIV. would have felt had Colbert or Louvois interfered to protect a Farmer-General the King himself had doomed. M. Pouyer-Quertier, though essential to M. Thiers' Protectionist policy, was ordered to resign, or, as is hinted, actually dismissed for giving evidence too favourable to an enemy, and the round of dramatic wrong was made complete. From first to last the trial bears evidence of a society in which nothing is regulated by anything higher than the expediency of the hour. The Prefect, with his grand-seigneur life at ratepayers' expense; the Council-General, with its tolerance for everything so long as material prosperity was secured; the Ministry of Justice, with its passionate desire for a conviction, whether legally correct or not; the Minister of Finance, with his acknowledgement that transfers of account were utterly bad, but legal and inevitable if the administrative mechanism were to remain as at present; the Cabinet, which feels evidence as an assault — all alike belong to a world in which nothing is sacred except success, and everything is tolerated except the humdrum. In England we should have been Philistine to the last degree, should have sued M. Janvier de la Motte by civil process for the moneys expended contrary to their proper allocation, should have heard an enormous quantity of tedious legal argument, but no denunciations and no eloquence, and should, in the end, after enduring a boredom of weeks, have given a sore discouragement to the most dangerous of all possible breeds of administrators, — the officials who are popular because of their magnificent deficiency of morale.

From The Spectator.
MAZZINI.

ITALY has lost one more of her great sons. Kings and journalists did their best by persecution and calumny to make of Mazzini a cosmopolitan power, a Chief of the Universal Revolution, but it was to Italy that he essentially belonged. It was her oppression that first kindled the fire in his soul, for her sake and on her territory that his greatest acts were done, in her and her destiny that he most ardently believed. Whatever else he was, he was before and beyond all things an Italian—one to whom Rome was Mecca, who believed that there, and there only, could the movement be begun which was to regenerate the world. It was on an Italian Assembly sitting in Rome, and reigning by the full consent of Italians over the whole Peninsula, that he expected the divine influence to descend which should make its proceedings as important to the world as the decrees of Councils once were to Christianity, — which should make its laws the models for all human legislation, and its resolves the bases for the grand Code which should ultimately regulate our race. Perhaps of all men who have ever borne a great part in politics Mazzini was most entirely patriot. Through forty years of incessant thought, teaching, and action, in hiding or at the head of a revolutionary government, an idol or a denounced fugitive, in all countries and by all roads he pressed forward towards the same object, the transfer of Italy, once more united, from its foreign or semi-foreign despots to the sway of a freely elected Sovereign Assembly, which, as he trusted or believed would be guided by something difficult to distinguish from direct inspiration from above. That he changed his means frequently is true, and that he sometimes subordinated means to ends can hardly be denied, for he was that rare character, a practical ideologue. He had to fashion his tools as well as use them, and using when compelled materials like the Carbonari the Secret Societies, and the Socialists, it is little marvel that he was himself believed for years to be the greatest of Revolutionists, Socialists, Terrorists, the chief and soul of all the parties which Continental Statesmen hold in such abhorrence. In truth, he was neither anarchist nor Jacobin, nor even Revolutionist, but a calm and serene teacher and leader, a prophet possessed with a faith and absorbed in an object, who swayed men by the force of his ideas, the holiness of his life, and the unique loftiness of his character, pressing steadily

onward towards an end which was not always theirs. Perhaps no man since Mohammed died ever held such ascendancy over all with whom he came into habitual contact. It was at the lowest ebb of Mohammed's fortune, while living a proscribed rebel among his kinsmen, that the "Companions," as they were subsequently called, the men who had known him from boyhood, who saw him eat, drink, and sleep, who were hiding with him from an hourly-expected vengeance, who knew by every testimony that can impress men that his cause was lost, — acknowledged the great Arabian for the first time as the prophet of God; and Mazzini over and over repeated that marvellous experience. No reverse of fortune made him less powerful. No amount of disaster ever shook his companions' confidence. No man of all he must have trusted ever betrayed him. He passed through countries where to be discovered was to die, through armies of spies and police and political enemies, like a spirit clothed with the old gift of invisibility to mortal eyes. This influence, rising in some cases to an ascendancy such as has hardly been given to the greatest religious teachers, was employed unswervingly for his single end, and it was employed successfully. Cavour made Italy, but it was due to Mazzini, and not to Cavour, that such making was possible; that the idea of nationality had revived, that men accustomed from infancy to think of their next neighbours as foreigners had come to long for the unity of their nation, to believe that Italy was above her provinces, to postpone hatreds and jealousies and causes of division, some as old as civilization, many involved in their very creed, some few — like the difference of civilization between North and South Italy — fearfully real, to the one grand end, the restoration of Italy to herself. His writings, spread broadcast by secret presses, had popularized the new faith, his disciples had made it the first object of the Societies, he himself had converted the Italian leaders, till when the hour at last arrived, and Orsini's will had done the work on Napoleon's mind, and Garibaldi had driven the Bourbon to a fortress, and Cavour was ready "to strike quickly and strike hard." Italy was ready to take advantage of the blow, and become once more the nation she has since remained, a nation not grown to its full strength, not so full of nerve and fibre as Germany or England, but a nation still united, industrious, and free.

The idea of the powerless lawyer had penetrated an entire people, and Italy

stood up unfettered and alive. In modern history no man armed only with spiritual weapons, strong only in his cause, his genius, and his character, has ever performed such a feat, or made so deep a personal impression on the history of mankind. To find a parallel, we must look back into the only history Englishmen cannot understand, and watch the men who, in defiance of circumstances and probabilities and every power which to men seems strong, have from time to time remodelled and revived the Roman Catholic Church. It is among the greater Popes that we must seek for the analogue of Joseph Mazzini, the serene man possessed of and by a faith, who could use all weapons, and mould all men, and disregard all circumstances; whose gentleness was as inflexible as other men's obstinacy; to whom earthly temptations had no meaning and earthly scruples no force; who could not pause, or change, or tremble, and who therefore at once achieved the lofty success and roused the undying hatreds which attend the course of the man who lives for an idea. Unstirred by the ordinary ambitions of men and unaffected by their ordinary passions, an ascetic by habit rather than conviction, incapable of envy as of doubt, irresistible in his power over hearts, which he used only to further his great cause; personally as gentle as a woman, but for his ideas implacable as a statue; eloquent with the eloquence which can persuade an individual or a Senate, yet averse to life in public; never induced even by his own genius to swerve for a moment from his appointed course; an immovable fanatic, with all the knowledge and all the tact of a finished grandee, Joseph Mazzini was what in the Roman Catholic ideal every Pope should be. Years ago men who knew nothing of him except his name, but regarded him as a modern Marat, took delight in accusing him of cowardice, of provoking other men to dangers he never shared, and wondered why the taunt, so deeply resented on the Continent, never stirred him even to a reply. They might as well have taunted Gregory VII., or Sextus Quintus, or any other man so placed that to his end, which alone he values, courage may be as injurious as fear, who has risen out of all that range of emotions into the serener atmosphere where men become as tranquil as the gods.

The political faults of Mazzini were all of the same type as his virtues, and may all be indicated in a sentence. He was as incapable of compromise as the Church whose greater chiefs he in mind so closely

resembled. He could not accept those who differed with him, except as instruments. He no more in his heart tolerated the House of Savoy than the House of Hapsburg, or thought Italy perfect as a Monarchy than as a prey to petty despotisms. His ideal was always with him, and latterly, we suspect, events had only deepened the force of his convictions. As a young man he had seen three visions,—the unity of Italy, the enfranchisement of Rome, and the rise of his half-inspired Assembly; and if, in spite of all probabilities, almost of all possibilities, of hostile kings, and victorious armies, and enfeebled peoples, two of the visions had come true, why should he despair of the third, or surrender any portion of his faith, or be false even in appearance to the mission with which he was entrusted from on high? He could make no terms, and he made none, and while his judgment on every other point grew cooler, and he saw and admitted the greatness of England, which he loved next to Italy, and saw and denounced the cruel selfishness of the Commune, and saw and proclaimed the moral strength of Germany, he held fast to his first faith, and laboured for the Republic as he had laboured for Italy, and seemed to Italian moderates, as to many otherwise friendly Englishmen, an unappeasable agitator, a firebrand who would destroy any institution of which he was not the author. He was nothing of the kind, not even a Revolutionist, but an idealist who conceived himself to be burdened with a trust which he could not lay aside. Compromises were as sinful as bribes, truces as unworthy as concessions, and to every argument and every offer, whether pressed by statesmen, or urged by followers, or suggested by hearty friends, the sweet-natured, gentle-mannered, immovable old man answered as the Church which, if character were the equivalent of destiny, it should have been his fate to rule,—“Non Possumus. I cannot give away the heritage of the Lord.”

From The Spectator.
TAPPY'S CHICKS.*

Tappy's Chicks is altogether too insignificant a title for so delightful and valuable a little book. We suppose children's books sell best, and that the title will at-

* *Tappy's Chicks*. By Mrs. George Cupples. London: Strahan and Co.

tract these little customers, but it certainly gives no idea of the charming riches of those Scotch tales, or of their graver and higher meaning. We should adopt the second title, and call the book "Links between Nature and Human Nature." It is impossible to close the volume, which has given us some quiet hours of very pure enjoyment, without sincere regret that we are not opening it instead, and without a curious feeling that we have been living in a different world, — in a world in which the relations between animals and men are quite unlike those which usually exist or rather which do not exist at all, for animals are too much regarded as either things to be killed for food, or locomotive machines, or ornaments, or, at best, playthings. When the present writer first met his own little Waif, his dignified tom-cat, and his motherly old puss, after reading of Mrs. Cupples' pets, it seemed as if his eyes were opened to their real nature, — as if they themselves looked at him with an expression of happy triumph that at last they were understood and appreciated, as if the mere fact of their dumbness had strangely blinded humanity to the intellect and the heart of their four-footed dependents, as if the days of kicking them out of the way, of locking them up in stables and not saying "how do you do?" and "good bye!" to them, or making proper arrangements for their happiness and comfort, must soon pass away forever from the civilized, as indeed it has — not passed away, but never obtained in the uncivilized world, where dogs, and horses, and dumb creatures generally are the companions, and not the mere tools of their owners. Superior people who smile good-naturedly from their height of good-sense on enthusiasts for the animal creation will be inclined to ask us who this Mrs. Cupples is? Probably, the "Mrs." is a pardonable fiction, they will surmise, invented to give her book more authority, and save it from the disregard that might fall on the lucubrations of an amiable old maid. And to be honest, there is no evidence that she possesses children, though she certainly has a "gudeman." But is it not rather an argument in favour of the high claims that she makes for her favourites, that they seem so well to fill the place for childless folk that the barns fill for their more favoured parents? "More favoured, indeed!" we think we hear some animal-lovers exclaim, "why, parents have not half the comfort out of their children! Animals are infinitely more affectionate and obedient, and cause a hundred times less ex-

pense, trouble and anxiety." Well, we are not prepared to accede to the first part of the statement, — so much depends on the training; nor altogether to the last, for we have known pets who have not been banished from the parlour when troublesome or unwelcome, as children certainly would have been. But this is cavilling, and not to the point.

We wish Mrs. Cupples had given us some idea, either in a preface or notes, of the whereabouts of the boundary line between fact and fiction, which it is often impossible to get at. Much seems to be unvarnished truth, but so much unmistakable fiction — as, for instance, all the details of the poaching expedition of the tailor's and shoemaker's cats — that we should much like to be told what is history and what is due to Mrs. Cupples' lively imagination working upon materials gathered by close observation, but used to add plausibility to her theory of character and motive as identical in human beings and the humbler animals. Not that we are the least inclined to scoff — we are humble and willing disciples, and ready to believe, as Mrs. Cupples has certainly brought herself to do — that our little friends understand what is said to them, and that the sounds they make mean questions and answers, and exclamations of gratitude, affection, reproach, or indignation. Once, and once only, we note an inclination to doubt her own beloved theory, and we respect the honesty — it must have cost her a sharp struggle — with which she suggests the common-place explanation of what happened, while her pen must have lingered over the desire to score it out, and leave to the sentiment of the incident all its touching power to convince our hearts. It is in the story of the Rookery, where the rooks follow the proprietor's fallen fortunes, and poor Mrs. Cupples, with the courage of the righteous but with tears, we are sure of bitter mortification, suggests that the noise on the days of auction perhaps drove them away, and that the woods of the late proprietor's new and humbler domain were the nearest to go to. Take courage, good and dear Mrs. Cupples, and put away this morbid conscientiousness in your next edition; it is clear to our critical and unbiased mind that the lame rook, Jacky, so kindly tended and cured by the good old man, had planned and carried out the removal of the colony to the woods, that should in future give music as well as shade and shelter to their beloved old friend. The same story — like each of the others, indeed — contains

delicious and quite original sketches of human as well as what we are accustomed to call animal character, and we will note one or two of them before turning again to the less self-asserting, but more prominent heroes and heroines of our authoress. Here, then, is an illustration of the joy of proprietorship, common alike to the vulgar parvenu and the long-descended laird, to the owner of a county or the lord of a back yard. It reminds us — for the very words are almost the same — of a small boy we once knew who had been recently appointed to his first service, with authority over a pony and a spade, a wicker carriage and a watering-can. He stood where the miniature lawn abutted on the miniature offices, waving his small right hand majestically, now towards the shrubbery and now towards the shed, exclaiming in an undertone of concentrated enthusiasm, controlled by a calm dignity, "All this belongs to me! belongs to me! belongs to me!" But to the parallel. A rich lawyer had bought the Eden-side estate; a tenant is telling the tale: —

"The first night that Mr. Jeffrey had full occupation o' the place he was walking about in the moonlight, looking over everything — taking, so to speak, what he wad ca' an invent'ry o' the place, doon to the very grass and stanes, and says he to himsel' loud out in the hearing o' Jock Tamson, turning round in the fullness o' his heart, 'This house is my house,' and he gaed a wave wi' his right han'. 'This lawn is my lawn,' says he. 'These trees are my trees,' pointing up to the fine auld timber that had grown up wi' the Beetons frae auld days lang syne; and he struts about like a peacock, jestering away. At that moment some o' the craws begin to caw, caw, an' says the stupid cratur o' a lawyer body, 'These crows are my crows.' It was sinfu' to say the least o't, as if the birds o' the air belonged to onybody but their Maker, and could be bought and sold wi' the lave."

And here is a little touch of true sentiment. A servant of the outgoing family is talking to an old woman who has been at the auction: —

"'Ay, me, Janet; I've bought the auld bird-cage, the man knocked it down to me for threepence, though I was ready to pay a hale saxpence for't.' When Janet had further expressed her surprise at such a purchase, and asked Tibbie what she meant to do with it, she said, 'I'm no' going to do anything wi' it; it's no' an ordinary bird-cage, woman. Did I no' see the auld mistress — that was afore your time, Janet — stanin' afore that very cage, cheepin' to her yellow canary when she was stickin' the bit lumpie o' loaf-sugar in atween the wires? Ay, Janet, woman, it was the last time my eyes

ever beheld her; an' she was the kindest freend I had on earth. And when I saw the bit cage put up, says I to mysel' "I'll hae that if it should cost me my last bawbee, for the sake o' her that's awa'." We got another glimpse of Tibbie and her precious purchase, standing beside our friend Sandy Dawson, who was examining it with a critical but kindly eye. 'Just you bring it yont to the shop, Tibbie,' he said, in what he intended to be a whisper. 'I'll mend the wires for ye; an' we'll maybe manage to get a canary-bird or a bit lintie tae put in't; for i's rather daft-like to see a cage without a bird in't.'"

And here is another old woman mourning over the good old times: —

"Ay, mem, they talk about the improvement o' the age, a' body's sae clever, ye ken; but div ye no see it's knocking out the word 'thrift' frae the knowledge o' folk a'thegither? In my young days we were made to gang 'oot and gather the rushes; I needna say made, for we liket it fine, and we wad come hame as happy as ye like, and peel them, and break them into lengths for the cruise. That's the auld-fashioned wee oil lampie, ye ken, — ye'll see them on the pictures o' the wise and foolish virgins. Then we made spunks enough to serve a' the winter; but noo folk will no be content wi' them, but maun hae their boxes o' safety matches. I'm wae for folk whiles, when I see such thriftlessness."

It is a remarkable fact, which we need not examine too closely, that Mrs. Cupples has such a large circle of humble friends who all share her devotion to animals, and further, who all endorse her opinions — not merely as to their intelligence, but as to their power of comprehending the meaning of what is said to them, and even what is said in their hearing, if it be about them — and are as ready as herself in suggesting the line of thought and argument which the pet in question is following. So that the old fables and fairy-stories seem to be re-written for us in a form far more captivating, since the incidents of natural history, and the thoughts and feelings which close observation has a right to deduce from the manners and actions of the dumb creatures, are substituted for the perfectly absurd conversations and performances of the artificial monsters of the fairy-tale and the fable. In no story is this more cleverly done than in the one referred to of the poaching cats. The timidity and yet the pleasurable and novelty of independence evinced by Snow, and the mingled contempt and pity of the old delinquent Tom, who is undermining her morals, are admirable. "Once, in her agitation when she had given vent to a

very gentle 'mew,' he had turned upon her quite fiercely, and asked with a very stern 'yow,' if she wanted the keeper to find them out." We have not many of the commoner sort of anecdotes of remarkable sagacity. It is the heart and feeling existing in her favourites to which Mrs. Cupples more particularly wishes to draw our attention; but one story combines both, and we must give it. It is such stories as this that we should like to have been assured were true:—

"The winter set in very early that year, and one afternoon Andrew was returning homewards from his usual rounds. He had got safely through the village of Monzie. About half a mile beyond the Manse, he got out of the cart to help Beauty up a slight incline. This he managed to do with great difficulty, and was in the act of getting into the cart again, when Beauty slipped on the frosty road, and her master's foot being on the wheel he lost his hold and fell. When he tried to rise he discovered his leg was broken at the ankle, and he had to sink back on the frosty road perfectly helpless. Poor Beauty was in a great state of distress, but when she found that her master could not get up, and that after a time he ceased to be able to speak to her, she did the very best thing she could have done in the circumstances, proving that her amount of sense was indeed, as Andrew expressed it, 'by-ordinary.' They had called at the Manse that night in passing homewards; and, when the family heard a horse neighing and pawing the gravel outside, the minister went out himself to see what it was. Great was his surprise to find Beauty back again, and without her master."

Another instance of pure sagacity is that of the turkey cock who roosted in the apple tree, and kept a profound silence till the young robbers were well in the tree, when—indifferent to the fact that it was night and sleeping time—he rushed at them and put them ignominiously to flight. That autumn the crop was gathered and housed for the first time. One of the most remarkable stories of affection for their kind is that told in *Tappy's Chicks* of a little cock and hen named Abram and Sara. Abram was lost:—

"Strange though it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that Sara after losing her little companion pined every day more and more, till at last she refused to eat any food whatever. About a fortnight after Abram disappeared she died. 'It's weel kent [known],' said Barbara, with the tears standing in her kind honest grey eyes, 'what Sara has died o', mem, an' that's nothing but a broken heart, for she was the bravest young hen in a' the village afore Abram was lost, an' nothing ailed her that I could see.'"

While of affection for a master, that of the sailor's monkey is the most touching example. His master had gone to sea again:

"'Weel, yes mem,' replied Mrs. Harvey. 'Yet he hasna forgotten Johnnie a grain. See to this mem.' And the good woman took from a press an old blue jacket, that had evidently seen hard service at sea, and laid it on a chair. No sooner was this done than the monkey, who had been watching her movements for some time, came crawling out of its hiding place, and whisked itself into the chair. After feeling the coat carefully, with a cry of joy he lifted up a fold, and, crawling under it, lay down with an unmistakable expression of happiness beaming in his twinkling black eyes. 'Puir fellow,' said Mrs. Harvey, stroking the animal's head cautiously, 'where's your master? He might hae bidden a wee thing langer wi' his mither, mightna he, Jackie? But he's awa' again;'. . . Whether he understood what Mrs. Harvey said or not I cannot say, but he sobbed quite audibly, the tears trickling down his cheeks. Every now and then he wiped them off, while Mrs. Harvey kept saying, 'Saw ye ever the like o' that, mem? the puir beastie, he's greet-in' for my Johnnie.'"

We find a theory, which we have stated in these pages before, on the question of "What's in a name?" supported and substantiated by Mrs. Cupples, in the tale of the poacher's Jock, and there is no more graphic or touching passage than the one in which she describes the joyful homecoming of the puppy, unconscious of his own degradation, sunk from the high estate of a thorough-bred terrier to that of a poacher's crop-eared and lop-tailed cur, and the ignominious and crestfallen retreat, when he finds himself despised and rejected by his aristocratic relations. "He paused with an expression of delight in his eyes, and a look as much as to say, 'Won't they be pleased to see me again!'. . . . "For a moment he stood up, facing them boldly on three feet, his fore-leg raised, and the paw hooked inquiringly. Then he took a long look at his mother and his old home, gave a most pathetic whimper almost approaching to a moan, and turned and fled." The pride of the laird's stag-hound is grandly described; but Mrs. Cupples knows all her humble friends equally well, from a man to a starling, and we have to leave a hundred favourite little bits unquoted. The pictures are not so good. The man and dog in the one on page 111 are absurdly out of perspective; the latter is looking straight before him at a cat, at least a quarter-of-a-mile behind him; and the dog's head—squeezed under the planking—in page

115, looks more like a bit of some fabulous reptile. Nevertheless, the frontispiece, some of those in the story of the tailor's cat, and others, are very good, and children will find them, we do not doubt, a great addition to the charm of the book.

From The Saturday Review.
THE USES OF TATTOOING.

DAVID tells us that he was hasty in asserting that all men are liars; but he might have said deliberately that most men are either liars, or the unconscious accomplices of liars. The quantity of sheer unmixed lying which exists in this world is, we suspect, greatly under-estimated by most people; and of the quantity of false statement which is not quite lying, because it begins by self-deception, few persons have even a faint conception. The reason of this seems to be simple enough. For practical purposes we are obliged to assume that people speak the truth. A certain quantity of mutual trust is necessary in order to carry on the business of life; and we naturally make the mistake of confounding a provisional assumption, which for ordinary purposes is accurate enough, with a statement of actual facts, and then apply it to cases where it is more frequently falsified than verified. We infer from the practical necessity of trusting people in trifles that they are always trustworthy even in serious matters; and thus we exaggerate beyond all bounds the weight which should properly be attached to a simple unsupported assertion. If a respectable person — that is to say, a man in a black coat who has not been convicted of picking pockets — tells us the wildest story of ghosts or rapping-tables, the one hypothesis which the ordinary mind altogether refuses to admit is the surely not inconceivable one that he is a liar and a cheat. It is thought to be almost paradoxical to assert that any one, outside of the criminal classes, is ever guilty of downright falsehood. The weakness is certainly amiable; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a capacity to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, is not as rare as the habit of unequivocal lying.

It seems, then, at first sight rather singular that personation is not a more common trick than it appears to be in fact. For this is one of those cases in which there is a natural predisposition among persons of ill-regulated minds — or, in other words, among the great majority of the human

race — to go half-way to meet the impostor. Even where no claim has been actually put forward, the popular imagination is ready to invent an appropriate legend in order to satisfy its own natural longing for the marvellous. The history of simpler times is full of such occurrences. Whenever a great hero died in an obscure manner, a legend immediately grew up, telling how he was waiting in some enchanted land, or beneath the roots of some mysterious mountain, for the day when he should once more reappear in his ancient glory. Sometimes a clever pretender took advantage of this state of mind, but the legend was able to maintain itself even without such a nucleus around which it might crystallize. The poor Lady Tichborne, refusing to believe in the death of her son, and always on the look-out for his return, is merely a type of the popular state of mind when any object of widely-spread interest has vanished from the world. Royal personages are now surrounded so closely by observers of all their actions, they are so much in the habit of being interviewed, even at the moment of death, that there is little chance of the uncertainty which is necessary to generate even a popular delusion. They are no longer withdrawn in a cloud from our midst like a Homeric hero from a battle, but take their leave of us in as public a fashion as that in which princes used to be ushered into the world. And yet, even in our days, there were probably large districts in France where Napoleon III. would easily have been accepted rather as a new avatar of the First Emperor than as his nephew. In families of a position beneath Royalty there are, of course, more frequent opportunities for fraud; and now that a conspicuous example has been presented, we may possibly expect to see a repetition of the experiment. It is, perhaps, not quite out of the question that a new Sir Roger may yet start from the Australian bush or the backwoods of America. The profession of a personator is not altogether so disagreeable as many other modes of precarious existence. The claimant may be certain of a good deal of popular sympathy if he shows a moderate amount of skill in making out his case; some of the difficulties in his path have been buoyed out by the last adventurer; and, if the worst comes to the worst, he will ultimately be provided for at the public expense. Probably, after a short time, the pangs of what serves him for a conscience, if he is rash enough to maintain such a luxury, would be satisfactorily quenched. It is a question which can never be satisfactorily

answered, but which appears to be open to discussion, whether the Claimant himself did not at some time or other really believe himself to be what he professed. George IV., it is credibly said, believed himself to have been at the battle of Waterloo, by dint of telling the story often enough. There is certainly a period at which a liar of the first water, a man who has that passion for falsehood which great thinkers have for truth, gradually loses the power of distinguishing between fact and fiction. Garrick maintained that, for the time of acting, he believed himself to be Richard III. A man who systematically represents the part of somebody else may end, after a sufficient course of lying and dissimulation, in becoming puzzled as to his own identity. Everybody has sometimes been puzzled between the recollection of having done something, and the recollection of having heard about it. How can we assign limits to such a process, or say confidently that we may not, by assiduous labour, generate a kind of permanent hallucination which will become to us a second nature? It has often been asked lately what is the value of our recollections of another person whom we have not seen for fourteen or fifteen years. We may go further, and ask what is the value of our recollections of ourselves? Are they not sufficiently shadowy to make it possible, by sufficient doses of what is at first deliber-

ate falsehood, to render them altogether evanescent, and to substitute for them a set of factitious recollections gradually acquiring firmness and consistency?

The question is obviously insoluble, because we cannot look into a rogue's mind, and it is precarious work to infer it from his outward words and actions. If such a feat could be performed, it would, of course, make the task of detection easier. Meanwhile we have the consolation of reflecting upon the advantages of the tattooing. It is easy enough to persuade a large part of the world, and even, it may be, to deceive oneself; but, after all, there generally remain a certain number of hard insoluble facts which have an awkward way of cropping up without having been properly foreseen. The ease with which an impression can be made upon uncritical minds illustrates the ease with which a legend would spring up in the ages before criticism was possible; but the difficulty of satisfying anything like a genuine inquiry remains so enormous that the chances must always be indefinitely great against permanent success. Luckily, we have not yet reached the consummation of settling legal facts by universal suffrage and the average common sense. When that happens, we may expect some very singular results, and nobody would know with any great certainty whether he was himself or somebody else.

From Good Words.

SPIRITUAL SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

EASTWARD far, lo, dawns the mountain!
Gray old times are growing young.
From the flashing colour-fountain
I will quaff it deep and long.
Sacred boon to old desire's rogation!
Sweet love in divine transfiguration!

Comes at last, our poor earth's native,
All-heaven's one child, simple, kind!
Blows again, in song creative,
Round the earth a living wind;
Scattered sparks long driven of joyless weather,
Blows to new and quenchless flames together!

All about, from graves abounding,
Forth springs new-born life and blood.
Endless peace for us firm founding,
Plunges he into life's flood;

In the midst, with full hands, gaze caressing,
Waits but for the prayer to give the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading
Deep into thy spirit go;
By his blessedness unfading,
Thou thyself possessed shalt know;
Heart and soul and sense, in solemn pleasure,
Join and break into a new-born measure.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning;
Stamp his face thy heart upon;
Turning towards him, ever turning,
Thou, the flower, must face the sun.
Who to whom his heart's last fold unfoldeth,
True as wife's his heart for ever holdeth.

Ours it is—with us abiding!
Godhead—word at which we quaked—
South and north in dark earth hiding,
Heavenly germs hath sudden waked!
Let us then in God's full garden labour,
And to every bud and bloom be neighbour!

George MacDonald